

PEEPS AT GREAT CITIES
DELHI
AND THE DURBAR

BY
JOHN FINNEMORE

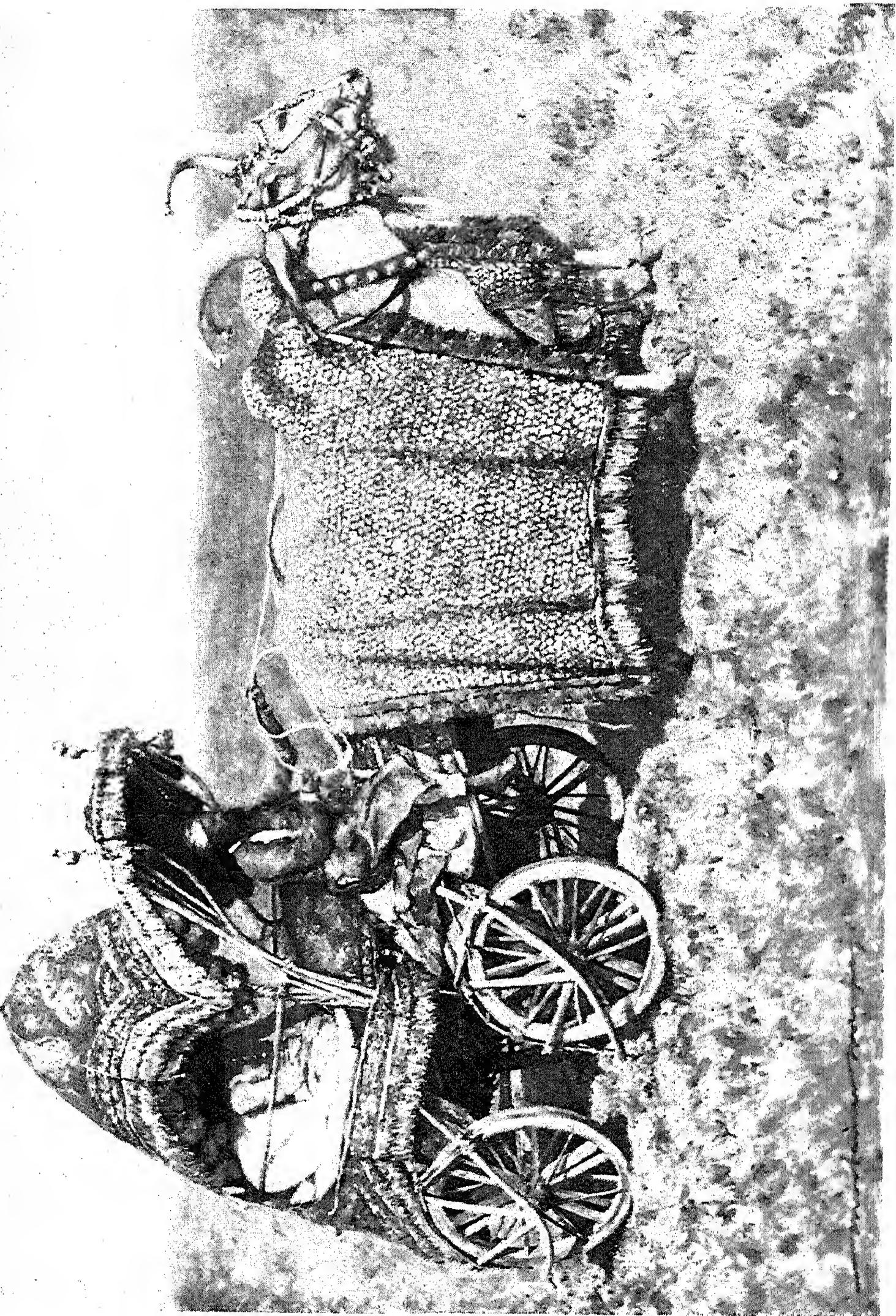
WITH TWELVE FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS
IN COLOUR

BY
MORTIMER MENPES

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GOING TO THE DURBAR.

PREFACE

THE great Coronation Durbar at Delhi has focussed general attention on the famous old Indian city, and the restoration of the capital of India from Calcutta to Delhi has deepened the interest. The first part of this little book gives a short sketch of the story of Delhi, showing its importance in Indian history, and touching upon a few chief events in its wonderful past. The second part gives an account of the great Durbar, attended by the King-Emperor and Queen-Empress. This ceremony was of great importance at the moment : it will certainly loom greater in the future, when it will be found how deep have been its results on native feeling in India.

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BY MORTIMER MENPES

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DELHI AND THE DURBAR

CHAPTER I

THE MISTRESS OF INDIA

How long has the wonderful old city of Delhi borne this proud title? No man knows. Go back to the dawn of written history, and then grope your way still farther back and back through the dim age of fable into the dusk of earliest tradition, and you will find it ever the same. In the Indian mind, whether that of soldier, priest, or peasant, there is one unchanging belief: He who holds Delhi holds India. That belief is held now; it was held 3,000 years ago, and it is always true. Delhi is the key of India.

Why is this? Does the city stand in a position of such strength as to form a commanding fortress? It does not. If you go up to the tower of one its palaces what do you see? Nothing but a city standing beside the brown waters of the River Jumna, and around it a wide plain spreading as far as the eye can reach—a plain which is one vast chess-board of fields, either fallow or filled with rich crops, but flat, save for one ridge, as a table, and with nothing to offer the smallest obstacle to the march of an invading enemy. How-

Delhi

ever, let us remember the crops. They will form a strong point in our argument.

As your eye roams over the landscape it is caught by the wide ribbon of a road running away to the north-west. You are gazing on the Great Trunk Road, the most famous highway in the world. To-day it is filled with the peaceful local traffic of the plain. In far-back centuries it has been packed with the hosts of invading armies, and has rung beneath the tread of many nations.

Still we cannot divine the reason of Delhi's great importance. Let us take a map—that wonderful source for clearing up many a difficulty—and see what it has to tell us. Look at the north-west corner and put your finger on the Khyber, or Khaibar, Pass, that solitary gap in the vast mountain rampart, the only path by which India may be entered. Age by age, invader after invader has swept into the land through the Khyber. Greeks, led by Alexander the Great, Persians, Afghans, Tartars, armies under famous commanders or wild hordes of mountaineers headed by their own savage chieftains—all have marched down from the hills and entered with delight the rich plains of the Punjab. Then, upon gaining them, they have heard with wonder stories of a fairer and more goodly land to the south-east—a land of splendid cities stored with wealth, of broad plains waving with luxuriant crops, a land of corn and wine and oil. So they pushed on and on.

Now, in those far-off days, an army on the march

The Mistress of India

had to look after itself and find its own provisions. They had not left at home a Government which would send after it vast stores of food, as our modern armies are supplied; so they had, as soldiers say, to live on the country. That means they seized the corn stored in the granaries, the cattle feeding in the fields, of the land through which they passed.

Well, as an invading army marched south through the Punjab, they found a vast desert spreading away on their right hand. No use for them to turn that way. Certain death awaited them in those foodless, waterless wastes. On their left hand rose the vast mountain-wall of the Himalayas, sending its spurs down to the Indian plain. But straight ahead an easy way lay before them, the road upon which Delhi stands as a sentinel stands on a path. Not only did the plain around Delhi afford an easy way, it also afforded ample stores of food, and this was a point of supreme importance. So that from the earliest days every invader has had to seize Delhi and to hold Delhi. To seize it that he might be able to march forward, to hold it lest he should find his road barred on the way back. To do this he had to be the strongest man of his day. Therefore, he who held Delhi, held India.

Conqueror after conqueror came, and it was always about Delhi that the fiercest tide of battle rolled, and its walls fell and rose, fell and rose, as one great captain after another beat them down that he might enter, and then swiftly built them up again that he might keep out the next wave of invasion. So century after century

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passed, and the name of Delhi became burned into the mind of every man in India as the gage of conquest, until the city, with its walls of red sandstone, stood as the living symbol of authority. In the farthest province, in the most distant hamlet, the humblest peasant knew the name, and looked up to the ruler in Delhi as the greatest ruler of India, the Kaiser-i-Hind, the Emperor of India.

CHAPTER II

THE GREAT MOGULS—I

IN these age-long wars and struggles, dynasty after dynasty rose, and each held pride of place until a stronger race came from the hills and drove out the King in possession, and replaced him by their leader. Always the new conqueror came from the mountains—the hardy men of the hills have ever overcome the softer dwellers in the plain. And each conqueror seems to have largely destroyed the city that he found, and to have built a new one for himself and his followers. The Delhi of to-day is not for the most part a very ancient city, but far around it stretch the ruins of the cities that have been, the cities built by long dead and forgotten Kings. Drive out to the south for eleven miles to see the most ancient monuments that Delhi has to show, and you pass by heaps of broken brickwork that once were houses and walls, by ruined towers that once rose high above palaces, by shattered domes that once crowned noble temples, by crumbling mounds where sleep monarchs whose name no man remembers. Through these tokens

The Great Moguls

of departed greatness you journey till you see a vast tower spring from the plain "like a lighthouse from the sea," and you are in sight of the Kutb Minar, a memorial of one of the rulers of Delhi, built about 700 years ago.

But there is a still more ancient memorial to be seen not far away, and this is the famous "Iron Pillar," the "arm or weapon of victory." The Iron Pillar is a small simple shaft of pure wrought iron. It stands 23 feet out of the ground, but a part of it is buried. At its head it is about a foot thick. It is believed that it was placed in position during the fourth century before Christ, and it was raised in memory of a great Hindu victory.

For many centuries Hindu Kings reigned in Delhi, but at last a Moslem invasion swept across the Punjab, and, in 1191, Mohammed of Ghor led a Moslem army against Delhi. He was beaten off, but he returned in 1193 and made his footing good. When he died his power was seized by one of his generals named Kutab or Kutb, who proclaimed himself Sultan of Delhi in 1206, and made good his claims with the sword. Now, Kutb had been born a slave, so the line which he founded is known as that of the Slave Sultans of Delhi. There were ten of these Moslem rulers from 1206 to 1290, and Kutb was the greatest of them all. His name is still remembered from the great tower which he built, the Kutb Minar, raised as a tower of victory. It is the most magnificent single shaft of masonry in the world. It springs 240 feet from the ground; it is

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50 feet through at the base, and tapers to 9 feet through at the top. It is built in five stories, the three lower of red sandstone, the two upper faced with white marble, and this huge splendid pillar of red and white is a most striking sight. A winding stairway within leads you by 378 steps to the top, whence a wide view may be obtained over the Plain of Delhi.

Kutb, the great Slave Sultan, was the first to establish the Mohammedan Empire of India, an Empire which lasted either in reality or in name until the Indian Mutiny of 1857. But soon after the death of Kutb a more terrible Moslem foe appeared. It was in the reign of his son that the first mutterings of the storm were heard, the storm that was to sweep over India and to overwhelm all other races. Chengiz Khan, the terrible Mongol conqueror, came down upon India through the Khyber; but he did not reach Delhi; he did not even pass the Indus. Yet he and his hordes of savage Mongols, or Moguls, did not forget the beautiful and fertile land they had visited, and the Mogul raids became fiercer and pushed farther, until in 1295 they were only just beaten off the walls of Delhi. Still, they maintained a fierce and constant pressure, and raid followed raid until weaker rulers tried to keep them at bay by presents, and to purchase safety by blackmail.

But at last came the inevitable end. Long had they threatened, and now they swooped upon their prey. In 1398 there took place the most terrible slaughter that the blood-stained annals of Delhi can record. Timur the Tartar led his Moguls and Tartars against

Delhi

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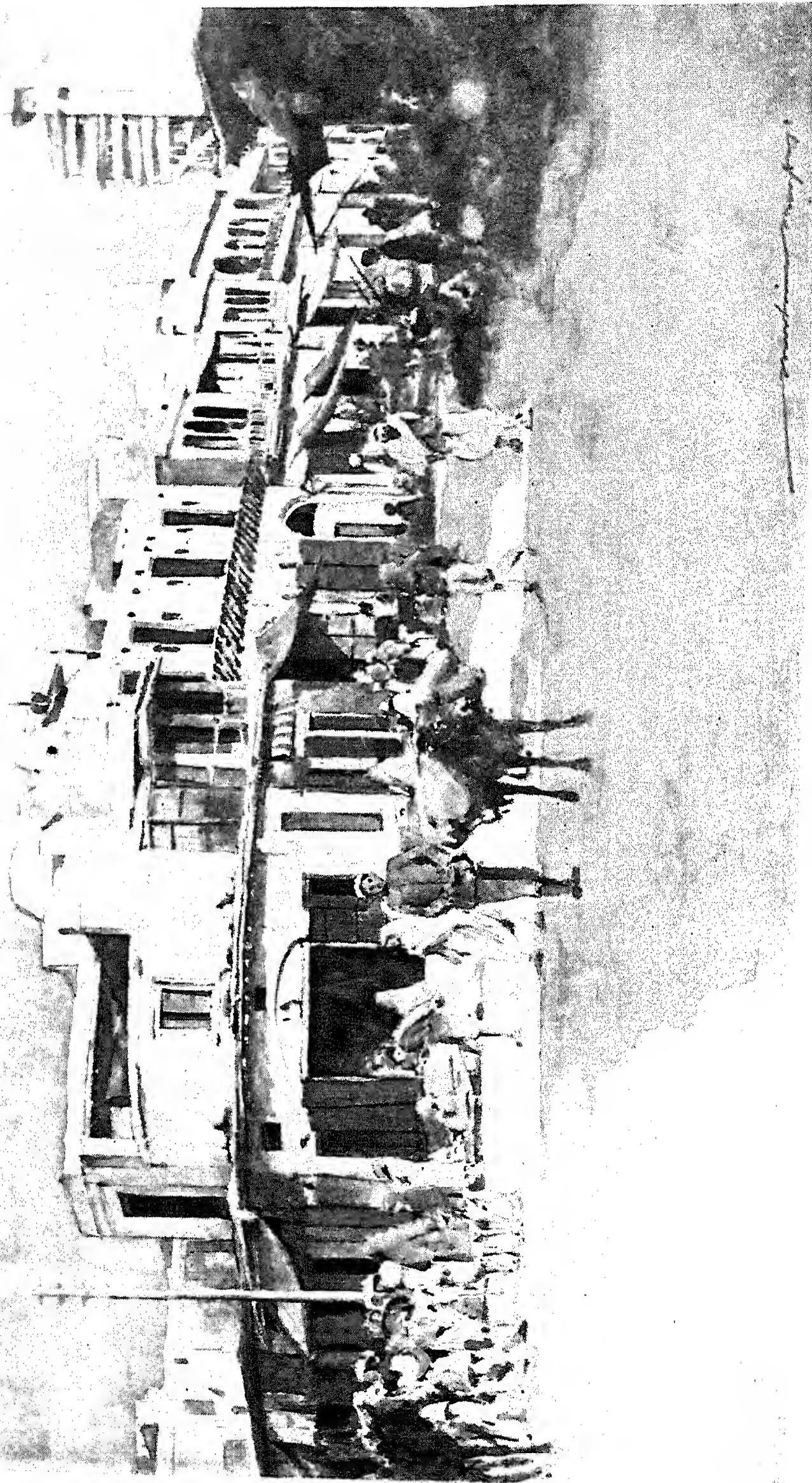
Delhi

and managed his own affairs. He grew up brave and chivalrous, ever ready to assail his enemies and defend his friends. His troops adored him, for he was always ready to share their hardships, and never took advantage of his high rank to avoid the toils and privations which fell to the lot of the commonest soldier.

Such was the brave commander who came down from his northern kingdom and led his legions against the gallant Rajputs who strove to bar his way. Upon the eve of the last great battle which broke the power of his opponents, Babar made a vow that he would never drink wine again. He poured out his store of wine, and broke his golden drinking-cups before his men, and issued a proclamation which enjoins abstinence, and begins thus : “ Gentlemen and Soldiers,—Whoso sits down to the feast of life must end by drinking the cup of death.”

The battle was fought on the Plain of Paniput, and he drove his enemies before him, and ruled at Delhi as Emperor of India. When he died, at the early age of forty-eight, his sorrowing friends carried him back to the beloved hills of his northern kingdom. Amid all the splendours of his Indian conquests, he had never forgotten them, and he wrote down in his diary that all the tropic beauties of the South were as nothing in his eyes compared with the sight of an apple-tree in full blossom, or the magical tints of autumn leaves on the hills, “ which no painter, however skilful, could depict.”

In his northern home they buried him in a garden which he loved, the Garden of the New Year, where



A STREET IN DELHI.

The Great Moguls

his mother already lay, and on his tomb they wrote :
“ Heaven is the eternal abode of the Emperor Babar.”

Babar was followed by his son Humayun, a son who had all his wit and charm and generosity, but little of his great capacity. Humayun was brave and chivalrous, but there was a fatal touch of indecision in his character which caused him time and again to lose the fruit of his other great gifts.

Humayun, the second of the Great Moguls, forms a link between a great father and a much, much greater son. Humayun died, like Babar, at the age of forty-eight, leaving a son fourteen years old, who became the mighty King Akbar the Great. From the day that Akbar began to rule, it was seen that a great man had arisen. The boy-King was, as we have said, but fourteen when he stepped into his father's place, but “ from that moment his grip was on all India.”

Akbar resembled his famous grandfather in some ways. He was tall, strong, and handsome in person ; his face, we are told by his son, “ was full of godly dignity,” and his manners were charming and delightful. And beneath this charm of appearance and manner lay the more solid gifts of a great ruler of men. Akbar never found himself face to face with a situation with which he was unable to cope. Cool, level-headed, courageous, he faced his enemies and beat them down. Then they vanished, not because he destroyed them, but because he turned them into friends. He knew that conquest by the sword is a vain thing unless conquerors and conquered can be joined together by

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the bonds of good-will. So this great man, whose ideas were centuries in advance of his own time, made laws with a view to the happiness of his subjects, and in serving their interests served his own, as a true ruler always does.

So deep an impression was made upon the people by his strength and wisdom that in the northern parts of India his name is remembered to this day, and the golden age of the great Akbar is often spoken of.

Few traces of this powerful monarch are to be found at Delhi. We must go to the cities of Agra and Fattehpore-Sikri to see the buildings Akbar set up. At Agra there is an immense fort, and Fattehpore-Sikri is Akbar's "City of Victory," to commemorate the triumph of Babar over the Rajputs in 1527. The city is most beautiful; it is a place "where every building is a palace, every palace a dream carved in red sandstone." Akbar himself was buried in a splendid tomb at Sikandra, about six miles from Agra.

There is, however, one building of Akbar's reign at Delhi, the Mausoleum of his father, Humayun. It is of much interest as it forms the earliest example known of Mogul architecture in India. Babar built nothing so far as is known, and the buildings which Humayun erected have vanished. The Mausoleum is a massive structure of red sandstone and white marble raised upon a lofty, arched platform. Within there is an eight-sided chamber, and it is crowned by a white marble dome having a long sandstone neck. The building has a further interest in the fact that here

The Great Moguls

the last Mogul took refuge in 1857, and here he was seized. But we shall read of that again.

The death of Akbar in 1605 marks the close of the greatest period of the Mogul monarchy. Babar had won the Empire, Humayun handed it on, and Akbar finally knit the threads of power together, and secured the supremacy of his family. Next come three Mogul rulers, who, enjoying the immense wealth which Akbar had won, lived in such splendour that the luxury and magnificence of their courts have shed a lustre and a glamour about the very name of a Mogul King.

Akbar was followed by his son Jahangir, who has left little trace of his reign at Delhi. Then came Shah Jehan, son of Jahangir, grandson of Akbar, and the most famous builder of the Mogul line. The Delhi we know is Shah Jehan's work, and the natives call it by a name which shows that—Shahjehanabad, the city of Shah Jehan.

CHAPTER III

THE GREAT MOGULS—II

WHEN Shah Jehan came to the throne he fixed the seat of his Empire at the old capital city of Delhi, and almost entirely rebuilt the town. It was he who built the noble palace which to-day is known as "the Fort," and this became the fortress and the residence of the Emperors who followed him. It is a magnificent building, both for its immense size and for the beauty of the work with which it is adorned. The outer wall springs into the air to the height of 60 feet, and is constructed

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of vast blocks of red sandstone with towers at intervals, and is pierced by many gates, one looking towards Lahore, the other towards the town of Delhi.

Near the noble Lahore Gate stands the Hall of Audience, the splendid hall where the Mogul rulers sat in state. It is a vast apartment, open on three sides, and in the centre of the back wall is an alcove. From this alcove a great marble platform stands out. At each corner of the platform rises a marble pillar most richly inlaid, and the four pillars support an arched canopy, also of white marble. But the lovely marble of platform and canopy does not hold the eye. "It is not the marble you look at ; it is the wonderful work that veins it. The throne is embroidered with mosaic. The wall behind is a sheet of miniature pictures, birds and flowers and fruit, all picked out in paint and precious stones."

Under this wonderful marble canopy was sometimes set Shah Jehan's famous Peacock Throne. To this day the Peacock Throne shines in the legends of the people, and it must have been a wonderful sight in the days of its glory. Shah Jehan caused it to be built, and upon it he lavished his most marvellous treasures, and the celebrated jewellers of Delhi lavished their consummate skill. The jewellers of the old city have always been noted among the craftsmen of India, and the Peacock Throne, encrusted with jewels set in gold, has been pictured as their finest achievement.

But the Peacock Throne was more often set in the Hall of Private Audience, a hall whose roof was covered

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with plates of pure silver. This hall is built of white marble which glitters in the sun. But again the marble draws but little attention when one observes the most lovely inlays of rich and delicate colours. The finest artists of India have been at work there, and their work is almost as perfect as at the day when they wrought the marvels of gold and pale green and soft blue. “What must it have been, you ask yourself, when the Peacock Throne blazed with emerald and sapphire, diamond and ruby, from the now empty pedestal, and the plates of burnished silver reflected its glories from the roof ?”

Not far away is Shah Jehan’s other great building in Delhi, the famous Jama Masjid Mosque, said to be the largest mosque in the world, “a vast stretch of red sandstone and white marble and gold, upstanding from a platform reached on three sides by flights of steps, so tall, so majestically wide, that they are like a stone mountain. Above the brass-mounted doors rise red portals, so huge that they almost dwarf the whole ; red galleries above them, white marble domes above them, white marble minarets rising higher yet, with pillars and cupolas and gilded pinnacles above all. Beside the gateways the walls of the quadrangle seem to creep along the ground ; then at the corners rise towers with more open chambers, more cupolas, more gilded pinnacles. Within, above the cloistered quadrangle, bulge three fine domes, and a slender minaret flanks each side.”

Shah Jehan was forced to resign the throne by his

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son Aurungzeb, who began to rule in 1659. Aurungzeb was the last of the Great Moguls. After him the race declined, and the power of the Empire fell away in the hands of slothful Kings, who remained in their palaces, idly intent on their own pleasures, and careless of government. But it is a striking thing that the last of the Great Moguls should have had a share in strengthening the infant fortunes of a venture which was destined to place his Empire in the powerful hands of the British Raj, the British Government. For it was Aurungzeb who signed the first treaty of peace with England, and it was in his day that Job Charnock, first of British Nabobs, landed on the bank of the River Hugly, and laid the foundation of Calcutta.

What idea could Aurungzeb have formed of the small island on the other side of the world whence these white-faced strangers came? Most probably, in his magnificent palace at Delhi, he thought little about them and the place of their origin. It is certain that he could never have dreamed that a King of their race would some day come to Delhi, and be acclaimed as Emperor of India amid the remains of the splendours of his own august line.

CHAPTER IV

THE PUPPET EMPERORS OF DELHI—I

AURUNGZEB was followed on the throne of Delhi by a long line of Mogul rulers whose very names have perished. No man has troubled to remember them.

The Puppet Emperors of Delhi

The first was named Bahadur Shah ; the last was also named Bahadur Shah ; and between these two, India saw the rise to power of a company of British merchants, who became her masters, and finally handed their authority over to the British Crown.

It seemed as if the Mogul line ran swiftly to decay after Aurungzeb. It fell away into a race of idle, slothful Kings, some of whom were put upon the throne by strong parties in the State, and calmly made away with when they had served the purpose of the faction which had raised them to power. Others came to the Imperial throne by the murder of father or brothers, and time and again the crown was stained with blood.

But now it was seen that a new power was rising—that of the Mahrattas, powerful robber tribes of Western India, who harried their neighbours far and near, and began to assail the frontiers of the Mogul Empire. Soon they grew bolder, and appeared under the very walls of Delhi. But they did not enter the city, and soon after their retirement there burst upon India the last great storm from the North, the invasion of Nadir Shah, at the head of his Persian troops. It seems quite out of place in history, this swoop of Nadir Shah on Delhi in 1738. It reads like one of the old stories of Chenghiz Khan or Timur the Tartar, this fierce raid, not for conquest, not for a throne, but for sheer plunder, for sheer lust of gold, a wild robber feat, such as was common in the Middle Ages, but seems out of due time at a period well on in the eighteenth century.

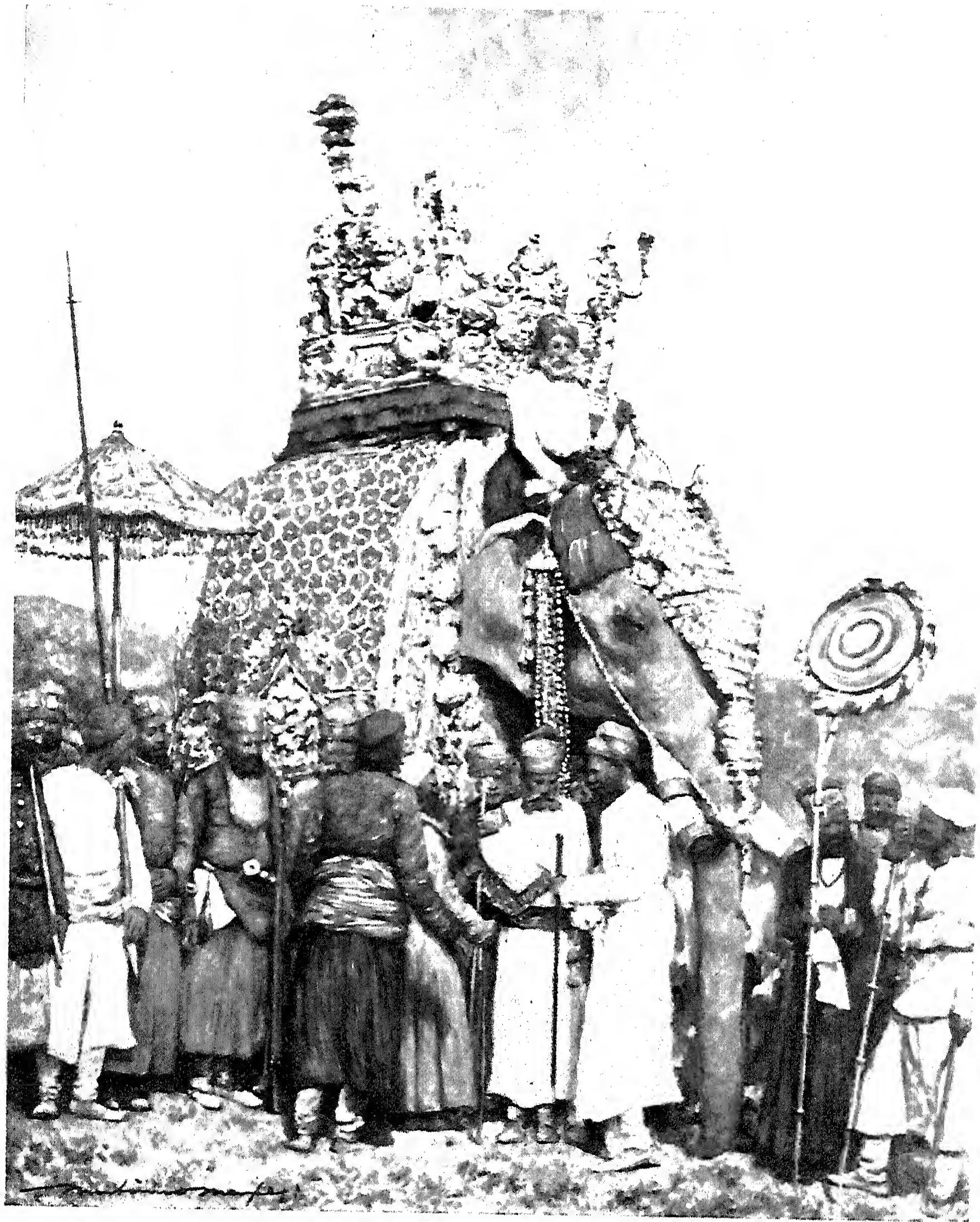
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Nadir Shah himself was not a Persian. He was an Afghan, but he threw in his lot with Persia, and rose to high command in the Persian army. He was an able general and won such victories that the Persian name became great, and he became the idol of the Persian people. At last he became their King. He had won his power by deeds of arms, and he saw that he must continue on the same path to maintain it, so he gathered an army of 80,000 men, and marched into India on a vast raid, with his eye on the enormous wealth of the Mogul Kings stored in Delhi.

So the old cry rang across the wheat-fields around Delhi once more. The people have always had one name for the Northern invader, whatever might be his race, and the cry of, "The Toorkh! the Toorkh!" was raised, as it had been raised so often. An army was gathered to face the Persian host, and it was posted on the famous Plain of Paniput to cover the capital.

"There must surely be some malignant attraction about the wide Plain of Paniput! Surely the Angel of Death must spread his wings over it at all times, since bitter battle has been fought on it again and again, and its sun-saturated sands have been sodden again and again with the blood of many men."

Nadir won his battle easily enough, and the Mogul Emperor of that time sent in his submission and surrendered to the conqueror. The two Kings marched together to Delhi, and entered the capital quietly in March, 1739. It is said that Nadir was more intent on plunder than bloodshed, and would perhaps, after



READY FOR THE RAJAH.

The Puppet Emperors of Delhi

stripping the place, have retired as quietly as he came, had not a fierce disturbance sprung up. A sudden rumour flew through the bazaars that Nadir was dead. The mob rose in fury, and attacked the Persian outposts, and slew 700 of the invaders. Nadir's rage blazed forth, and he ordered a general massacre. The butchery began at dawn, and night fell over 150,000 people who had been slain by the Persian sword. Then he plundered the place in terrible fashion, and retired from the desolate city, bearing away booty to the value of £30,000,000. Of this vast sum one article alone, the gorgeous Peacock Throne of Shah Jehan, represented the huge figure of £6,000,000.

Before Nadir Shah went away, he restored to the throne the puppet-Emperor who had surrendered to him, and made the people of Delhi swear allegiance to their old ruler. He promised that he would return to see how they behaved, and would take fearful vengeance upon them if they had broken their word. But he never did return. He was a robber who had got all he could hope to get, and never meant to return.

For some time now the Mahratta raids ceased. Of what use was it for smaller robbers to come, when a greater one had swept off all the plunder? So for a while Delhi had peace. In 1748 the Afghans came down, but the Mogul army this time won the day, and in a battle fought near the old cockpit of Paniput, beat the invaders back.

But they came again within a few years, and this time they were not beaten back. Delhi was seized, and

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once more underwent sack and slaughter, until the heat drove the Northmen back to the hills, laden with plunder.

Still again they returned in 1761 to find the Mahrattas, now at the height of their power, resolved to protect Delhi, which they looked upon as their own. A splendid Mahratta army, 300,000 strong, entrenched itself on the famous old field of Paniput and awaited the foe. Ahmed Shah, the Northern leader, had but a third of the number under his command. But he was wily in war, and forced the Mahrattas to attack him on his own ground. He won a most decisive victory. When the remnants of the Mahratta forces broke and fled, they left 200,000 of their comrades lying in the great piles of dead which strewed the plain. The Mahratta power was broken, and Ahmed Shah returned to Kandahar, and did not again enter India.

CHAPTER V

THE PUPPET-EMPERORS OF DELHI—II

FROM the time of this great defeat the Mahratta power never reached its former importance, but the Mahratta chiefs still held much authority in Delhi, and their brave followers, born fighting men, gave the British much trouble in the Mahratta war. This was fought when the British power was being steadily pushed across the great plain of the Ganges into the Punjab, and also in Central India. But in Central India they were beaten at Assaye, in 1803, by Wellesley, afterwards the Duke of Wellington, and in the Punjab they were

The Puppet Emperors of Delhi

roughly handled by General Lake, a short time before Assaye.

General Lake advanced upon Delhi and found the Mahrattas waiting for him before the city—on a stretch of low-lying land across the Jumna. The Mahrattas fought in the name of the Great Mogul, the Emperor who still sat in the palace at Delhi, a ruler to whom remained no shred of his ancestors' power, no fragment of their wealth, a poor, blind old man. But still there were numbers who revered the name because of its former greatness, and the Mahrattas had sent round the fiery cross to draw to their banners every man who owed allegiance to the house of Akbar.

They mustered their troops in vain. They placed them under the command of a celebrated French general, but all to no purpose. General Lake came up with nearly fourteen thousand British soldiers, and put the Mahrattas to flight after a severe pitched battle. After the battle General Lake and his staff rode to Delhi to visit the Emperor. This was on September 16, 1803, and the visit was the first ever paid by a conquering Englishman to the Great Mogul himself.

It was late in the day when Lake and his attendants rode into the city, and the streets were thronged by the inhabitants, eager to gaze on the British victors. So closely did they fill the way, that it was scarcely possible for the little cavalcade to win its road forward. But at last the visitors entered that glorious palace of Shah Jehan, and as they looked upon its wondrous beauties, and passed through its splendid Halls of

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Audience, they might well have agreed with the legend inscribed again and again upon its walls, " If there be a Paradise upon Earth, it is this, it is this, it is this ! "

They came into the presence of the Emperor, and what did they find ? A feeble, blind, poverty-stricken old man, sitting beneath a ragged canopy, and attended by his son and grandson. The son was soon to be Emperor, under the title of Akbar II., and the grandson was to live to be a figure round which the Great Mutiny would gather ; he was to be the last of his race, Bahadur Shah.

After the victory of Lake, the British power steadily extended until the country far to the north of Delhi was painted red upon the map, yet the house of Akbar was left untouched. The King of Delhi still sat in his splendid palace, a pensioner of the British, himself and his Court supported by British gold where his ancestors had levied the taxes which made their wealth fabulous. The might of the Moguls had gone utterly, but their name remained. And so deeply was that name respected that conqueror after conqueror had seized their substance, yet left them their semblance of royalty. Even the British seemed reluctant to lift their hands against that mighty line, though it had long been but a crumbling shell of its former greatness. Yet the mere name was to be proved of great power, and the mere existence of a King of Delhi was to be a menace to British authority.

This was seen in 1857, when that terrible rising, the Indian Mutiny, broke out. When the native soldiers,

The Puppet Emperors of Delhi

the sepoys, rose and murdered their white officers, their cry was "To Delhi! to Delhi!" The mutineers sought a new master, a new King, and who more fitting to be placed at their head than the man who stood for the mighty line of Timur, of Babar, of Akbar the Great. The King of Delhi, Bahadur Shah, was now an old man, a foolish old man, his wits half destroyed by evil habits, who dozed and dreamed away his time in the great palace at Delhi. Whether he was in the plot to destroy the English or no, it is impossible to say. He was brought to trial, but nothing could be proved against him. But in any case the mutineers turned to him, and rushed to seize Delhi, knowing that thus they could send such a thrill through India as no other event could bring about.

The Mutiny broke out at Meerut on May 10, 1857. The native troops shot a number of their officers, murdered many white people who were living in the town, then set off for Delhi thirty-six miles away. They reached Delhi before the slightest warning of the outbreak had been received. They burst upon the place like a sudden tempest, slew every Englishman they met, and made a fierce attack upon that quarter of Delhi where the European merchants lived and had their places of business. Every house where Europeans lived was assailed, carried by storm, gutted, and destroyed with every living soul found in it. It was not always an easy task to do this. English bankers, merchants, and business men, taken at a disadvantage as they were, fought hard and slew many of the

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mutineers before they fell, but they were few, and their assailants were many, and in the end there was but one fate for all ; there was no mercy and no quarter.

Now, the native regiments at Delhi were camped on the Ridge, an elevation about two miles from the city. The British officers on the Ridge were thunderstruck when they heard of the assault upon Delhi. They marched at once to attack the mutineers, feeling confident that their own sepoys were faithful. They were undeceived in a terrible fashion when the men whom they trusted so well turned their weapons upon them, and fired volleys into the groups of officers they had hitherto obeyed.

At four o'clock in the afternoon a terrific explosion occurred within the city. A vast cloud of smoke and dust shot into the air, bearing with it fragments of mangled human beings. What had happened ? The first counter-stroke of the English in reply to the Mutiny.

In the heart of Delhi, not far from the palace, was the great magazine, full of arms, of powder and shot, of things which would be of the utmost value to the mutinous sepoys. They rushed to seize it. In charge of this most important place were nine Britons, with Lieutenant Willoughby at their head, and a number of natives. As soon as Willoughby heard that the mutineers were in the city, he closed his gates and barricaded the magazine. At all costs he resolved that the precious stores should not fall into the hands of the mutineers to be used against the Queen's troops. So

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in case the worst should come to the worst, these noble Britons laid a train of gunpowder to the magazine. They would blow the place up and themselves with it sooner than it should be taken.

The mutineers advanced, and the natives fled to join them. Willoughby and his comrades made a gallant defence, but defence became hopeless. The train was fired by a brave fellow named Scully. He was never seen again. He must have perished in the tremendous explosion which followed. With him perished four of his comrades, and hundreds of the mutineers were blown to pieces. Willoughby and three others made a marvellous escape, and amid the confusion managed to join their friends outside the city.

At the main-guard of one of the city gates a regiment of native infantry from the Ridge was standing with its English officers. The sepoys were sullen and wavering, as if uncertain what to do. They took the roar of the explosion as a signal that their friends within the city were gaining the day. At once they raised their muskets, and fired at their own officers. Some of the latter fell; the rest hastened to escape, for to stay was but to throw their lives away for nothing. The only way of retreat was to cross the deep ditch which ran outside the wall, for the mutineers held the gate. The officers hurried for it, but were checked by the cries of Englishwomen who, from their quarters in upper rooms of the main-guard, had seen the volley fired.

They could not be left behind, difficult as would be the way of escape for them, and the officers led them to

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an opening in the wall looking into the ditch 30 feet below. Here the men fastened their belts together, and some sprang down first to receive the women whom the others let down from above. The climbing of the other side was more difficult, but at last it was done, and the fugitives hurried into a patch of jungle which lay near at hand. Thence they pushed forward to the cantonments on the Ridge, but it was useless to stay there, so they warned all to seek safety in flight.

"So men, women, and children sallied forth: alike those who had remained and those but just arrived from the main-guard. Their sufferings were terrible. Tearing from their persons everything in the shape of glitter or ornament, crowding in byways, wading rivers, carrying the children as best they could, hiding in hollows, enduring the maltreatment of villagers and the abuse of parties of stray wanderers, hungry, thirsty, weary, at times hunted, they at length reached shelter. A few perished on the way, some giving up the struggle from fatigue, others succumbing to disease.

"The behaviour of the women of the party was such as to make the men proud of their companions. When Captain Wood sank exhausted, unable to proceed, it was his wife and his wife's friend, Mrs. Peile, who supported him to the haven of safety. Nor was this a solitary instance. When it was found, on arriving at the night's bivouac, that one or more were missing, the less fatigued of the party went back to search for and to bring them in. Generally the search was fruitless, for the scum of the population, which would have



KH WHO HELPED TO STORM DELHI.

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shrunk from attacking a party, had no mercy for a solitary invalid. It is due, however, to the natives to add that they were not all filled with the hatred which animated a section of them. There were instances of assistance given by some of them, men of high and low caste alike, to the suffering and the wounded. There are those alive now who owed their safety to the compassion felt for them in their terrible straits by the kind-hearted Hindu and the loyal Mohammedan."

Such was the flight from Delhi, and such were the scenes in many places where the survivors from a massacre were fleeing through the jungle from blood-thirsty and merciless foes.

Meanwhile, in Delhi, rebellion was triumphant. Not a Christian was left alive in the revolted city. At the first sound of alarm some fifty Christians had thrown themselves into a strong house and tried to defend themselves. But the house was stormed by the rebels, the defenders dragged out, and driven into a dungeon beneath the palace. Five days later they were brought out, put to the sword, men and women, and their bodies were flung into the Jumna.

The King of Delhi was placed at the head of the movement. A puppet-ruler he had always been, and a puppet he remained in the hands of the mutineers. His family strongly supported the proposal that he should lead the way in this attempt to overthrow the British power, and he agreed. But he was no more than a figure-head, for he had never wielded power outside his palace walls, and knew not how to do so.

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Still, the rebels hailed him as King of Delhi, and King in very truth he seemed, for the white masters had been driven from the city, his joyous followers were swearing they would drive the English into the sea, and for five long weeks not a sign was given of British strength.

CHAPTER VI

THE FORLORN HOPE OF DELHI

THIS silence was because the Mutiny found the British unprepared to deal with it. Men who had spent their whole lives in India had laughed to scorn the idea of a native rising; more than that, they had smiled at the fears of the few wiseheads among their comrades who had noted signs of unrest, and suspected danger. So, for a time, the mutineers were but little checked, while the British pulled themselves together.

From the first instant the British leaders fixed their eyes upon Delhi. Sir John Lawrence urged that the city should be retaken at once, and Lord Canning, the Governor-General, telegraphed to the Commander-in-Chief to "make short work of Delhi." There was, in truth, great need to make short work of the ancient capital. The news that Delhi was in the hands of native troops, and that a native King had been proclaimed ruler, flashed like lightning through Central India and the North-West, and everywhere the news went, the rebellion spread, like a fire in a forest. "He who holds Delhi holds India." The old saying seemed as true as ever. Delhi had become the very heart and

The Forlorn Hope of Delhi

kernel of the rebellion. If the British could recapture it, well and good ; if not, their power must fade.

On June 7 a little British army gathered its last reinforcements a few miles from Delhi ; on the 8th it marched upon the city. The rebels swarmed out to meet it in strong force. Their numbers had been enormously increased since they took the place. Regiment after regiment of native troops had mutinied, had slain their officers, and then raised the cry “ To Delhi ! to Delhi ! ” Now they posted themselves six miles north of the city to face their old masters. They chose a strong position at a spot where groups of old houses and walled gardens, once the residences of great nobles of the Court, offered fine opportunities for defence.

There was a severe action, but the British won the day, and drove the rebels helter-skelter back to the city, with a heavy loss of guns and men. Then the victors pressed forward and seized the Ridge overlooking city and plain, and fixed their camp in the old cantonments. Now the battle was joined, and they must conquer or be destroyed. They must win Delhi, and with it India once more, or British rule must go.

It seemed, at first, that the British were attempting the impossible. On the Ridge they mustered 3,000 British and a small body of faithful native troops, with twenty-two field guns. This tiny force was not to defend but to besiege, and to attempt to capture a city with walls 40 feet high, guarded by 114 heavy guns, and manned by 40,000 rebel soldiers, well armed and

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well trained, with ample ammunition and stores. The sepoys also had sixty field guns, and their gunners were skilful men, who had been well drilled by British officers. When it is also considered that to hope for success the attacking party should outnumber the defending party by five to one, it will be seen what overpowering odds lay against the tiny force on the Ridge. Now, when a small body of men is sent upon a most desperate piece of work, where almost certain death awaits them, that body is called by soldiers "a forlorn hope," and well has this little army been named "The Forlorn Hope of Delhi."

But the spirit which animated that dauntless force could not be cowed by any odds. The thought of their helpless countrywomen and children slain in the city by the mutineers, nerved their hearts to undertake the most desperate deeds to punish the murderers and reassert the power of the British name. From the moment the Ridge was seized, the fighting was fierce and constant. The sepoys made assault after assault on the British camp, but every attack was driven off, and the rebels were often pursued almost to the walls of the city. The mutineers fought well, and on June 23 they delivered a tremendous attack upon the Ridge.

The 23rd was a special day, and the sepoys had a special reason for their fierce assault. It was the anniversary of Plassey ; it was 100 years to the day since Clive had given the British the lead in India. An old prophecy ran that the English power would last 100 years, and every rebel believed that the day

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had come which would witness the downfall of the white masters. Filled with this belief, the native troops assailed the Ridge with the utmost fury, and there was a terrific struggle under the burning summer sun. But the British clutch upon the Ridge could not be loosened, and at nightfall the rebels drew back : the prophecy had failed here at any rate.

But in this continued fighting the British losses were very heavy, and the Ridge became seamed with the graves of the heroes who fell. Then disease was added to the wounds of battle ; cholera broke out among the troops, and many died or were unable to take their place in the lines of defence. Luckily, fresh troops arrived, bringing the British force up to 6,600 men, though, at the same time, fresh masses of mutineers poured into Delhi and swelled anew the great army within the walls. All through July there was fierce fighting, attack and repulse, charge and counter-charge, and still the knot of British clung to the red Ridge, waiting for the moment when they could strike home.

Early in August they heard with joy that reinforcements were approaching. A body of troops was marching to their aid, and bringing the heavy guns which were necessary to batter down the great walls, and make a breach through which an assault might be delivered. The expected column was under the command of an officer named Nicholson ; he had already won a great name as a leader of men, and before Delhi he was to make it greater. One day a tall, thin,

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black-bearded man with piercing eyes rode quietly into the camp on the Ridge. It was John Nicholson himself, who had come on ahead of his column.

From that moment things moved swiftly. Nicholson had the fire, the ardour, the dash of youth ; he was thirty-five years of age. He fetched out of his men the last effort of which they were capable. He spared no one, and himself least of all. The rebels heard that "Nikkol Seyn," as they called him, had arrived, and they knew that it boded ill for them. They heard that the heavy guns were coming, and they moved in great strength from the city to cut them off, and capture them. Nicholson went against the enemy, and his troops had to march thirty-six miles through a morass. At sunset the weary British caught sight of the rebel army, strongly posted, fresh, and full of fight, and the battle was joined at once. The sepoys fought well, but the British closed with the bayonet, and no troops have ever stood before that : Nicholson won a complete victory.

On September 4 the guns came up, and more troops arrived until the British army numbered more than 8,000 men. Of these a little over 3,000 were white troops ; the remainder were faithful native regiments, among whom the gallant Sikhs, the brave little Gurkhas, and the fine frontiersmen of the Guides were prominent. It was now resolved to storm the city, and the engineers set to work to build their batteries and mount their guns. This proved a most difficult and perilous piece of work. For the defenders soon discovered what was afoot, and

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they turned upon each work a tremendous fire of both light and heavy guns, pounding the engineers with huge round shot, and pouring upon them showers of grape-shot and canister. Such was the power and accuracy of their fire that for any sapper to leave cover for a moment was to invite almost certain death. Nor, till their guns were mounted, could the British gunners reply.

At last, after many gallant deeds, the skill and daring of the assailants prevailed. Under this terrific fire they built their batteries, coolly mounted their guns, and then began to reply in kind. Never did British gunners perform a more heroic piece of work. They fought their guns with tremendous energy, exposed themselves in the most fearless fashion to repair damage done to their batteries, and threw their great shot with such precision that by the 13th they had beaten two breaches in the walls of Delhi, one at the Cashmere Gate, the other at a point called the Water Bastion.

CHAPTER VII

THE STORMING OF DELHI—I

Now that the breaches had been made in the walls, the hour of the final attack was at hand. The city must be stormed at once, or the rebels, who understood very well the state of affairs, would repair their shattered defences, and the siege must begin anew. But before the troops were flung at the gaps it was necessary to

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discover whether they were sufficient, whether they really would give entrance to a storming party. This most dangerous duty was undertaken by four young officers—Medley and Lang for the breach in the Cashmere Bastion, Greathed and Home for the Water. Medley and Lang crept to the edge of the great dry ditch outside the walls, crawled into it, crossed it, and examined the breach. They were discovered by the enemy, and a volley of musket-balls pursued them as they darted back. But they returned in safety to announce that the breach was ample for purposes of assault. Greathed and Home gave a similar report of the Water breach. It was resolved to attack at once.

Before the day broke next morning, the small British army was divided into five columns, and drawn up in order of assault. The first column was to storm the breach in the Cashmere Bastion, the second the Water breach. The third column was to assail the Cashmere Gate after the first had seized the breach. The fourth was to attack the city near the Lahore Gate and occupy the enemy at that point, and so divide the rebel forces. The fifth column was held in reserve to support the first and third, for it was felt that the Cashmere Gate would prove the key of the position, and that the most desperate resistance would be offered at that point.

All was in order before the dawn, and the British awaited the first dim light in the east in perfect silence. Every man felt that the coming day was to be one of supreme importance to British arms and the British Empire. Every man felt that upon the doings of



A WARRIOR FROM CENTRAL INDIA.

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himself and his comrades hung the fate of India. From the city came a confused hum and murmur; the alarmed rebels were thronging to man the walls, and mass themselves and bring guns to bear at the threatened points.

The day broke, and Nicholson, in command of the first and second columns, gave one glance to see that all was in order, and then the advance was begun. But a "forlorn hope" had already rushed ahead. This was an explosion party charged with the duty of blowing in the Cashmere Gate, and as they were first in danger as in glory, we must give them first attention. Six Britons and eight native sappers were concerned in this famous deed of valour. The British were Lieutenants Home and Salkeld, Sergeants Smith and Carmichael, Corporal Burgess, and Bugler Hawthorne. The latter was to sound his bugle as a sign of success. Each man carried a bag containing 25 pounds of gunpowder. These they intended to lay against the Cashmere Gate, fire them, and blow the gate in.

But could they reach it? For the gate was held in force by the enemy, and if a bullet hit a bag of gunpowder, the man carrying it would be blown to pieces in an instant. In face of a heavy fire of musketry, the "forlorn hope" dashed at the gate, and, marvellous to relate, reached it. The enemy were so astonished at this extraordinary daring that for a moment the shower of musket-balls ceased. Lieutenants Home and Salkeld attached the bags swiftly to the great gate; then gave the orders to fall back.

At that instant the rebels recovered themselves, and

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opened a fierce fire on the little party of heroes. Home leapt back into cover of the ditch in safety. Salkeld, bending to fire the powder, was shot through arm and leg, and fell helpless. He handed the port-fire to Burgess, bidding him light the fusee which would touch off the powder. Burgess was shot dead. Carmichael leapt forward, seized the port-fire from the hand of the fallen man, and lighted the fusee. He had scarce done so when a bullet pierced him, and he dropped with a mortal wound. Smith saw Carmichael fall, feared that he had failed, and rushed up to grasp the port-fire, when he saw that the fusee was alight. He hurled himself back into the ditch, and at the next moment came the roar of a tremendous explosion, and the massive gate was torn to pieces.

This cool and daring piece of work had given the British a way into the city. From the ditch Hawthorne's bugle rang out in triumph, but the din from the gate, the yelling of the hordes of rebels, the roar of guns, the rattle of musketry, utterly drowned it. But the Commander of the third column heard the roar of the explosion, and led his men at once to the gate.

While the "forlorn hope" had been engaged in this heroic deed, the first and second columns had stormed the breaches and captured them, but with heavy loss; for, secure in the shelter of the walls, the sepoyys had lashed them with a withering fire of musketry. But the breaches were seized, and, within them, Nicholson gathered the first and second columns and massed his men. Next, he pushed through the city along the foot

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of the walls towards the Lahore Gate, where he hoped to join the fourth column and sweep into the city.

But, unluckily, there was no chance of such a meeting. The fourth column had been repulsed. By some mistake it was compelled to move forward to assault a strong position without any heavy guns to batter down the defences. Then the Commander was struck early in the fight by a musket-ball, which disabled him. This led to a division of authority, and the consequences were delay and some disorder ; in short, the attack completely failed, and the fourth column withdrew.

This success of the rebels greatly increased the difficulties of the three columns within the walls, and, above all, of the first and second columns under Nicholson. These columns were pressing towards the Lahore Gate, whose defenders were flushed with success, and thus had not only to fight without the support of their friends, but to endure the attack of a much emboldened enemy.

When it became known that the fourth column had been beaten back, some officers urged Nicholson to halt. It would have been easy to secure a strong position and wait to see how events would turn out. But Nicholson refused to delay the advance on the Lahore Gate for a moment. He knew the temper of the sepoys ; knew that to halt would look to them like shrinking, and would encourage them in their resistance, whereas a success would damp their ardour at once. He ordered the advance to continue, though the united column was under a heavy fire from windows

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and house-tops and bastions, and men were falling fast.

Presently the British troops approached the mouth of a long lane leading to the Lahore Gate—a lane which must be forced. But at a glance it could be seen how terrible a piece of work lay there. Every house-top, every window, every balcony swarmed with sharp-shooters ; every musket was pointed towards the spot where the head of the column must appear, and to set foot in the lane was to court instant death. Two cannon were also placed in the way, one behind the other, their muzzles laid to sweep the narrow street with volleys of grape.

Nicholson ordered his men to storm the lane. They made a noble response. Without a sign of faltering they dashed in and faced the storm of grape and musket-balls, which swept its narrow space from wall to wall. They charged right up to the first cannon, and took it. On they went, and came within ten yards of the second. But here their most fiery valour was checked. They discovered that beyond the second gun a bullet-proof screen had been set across the way, and from the gun, the screen, the houses on both sides of the way, they were scourged with so fearful a hail of grape, of musket-balls, and of stones and round shot hurled upon them by hand from the roofs, that they were forced to recoil, leaving the lane littered with their dead and wounded.

But they only recoiled to form again, and once more they rushed up this street of death. But the dark

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faces of their enemies swarmed anew over every parapet, at every window and loophole, and the pitiless stream of bullets and shot smote them afresh. The officers fell fast. The sharpshooters among the rebels marked them down and picked them off steadily. They knew that their fall would discourage the men. It did. Robbed of their leaders, the troops wavered.

Then John Nicholson himself sprang forward to lead them. He saw his own regiment waver—the 1st Bengal Fusiliers. He leapt out to head them, shouting the old call : “Forward, Fusiliers ! Officers to the front!” His clear, ringing tones carried high above the storm of battle, and the men were gathering to follow him, when he was seen to reel and fall. A bullet had pierced his body, and the famous leader had received a mortal injury. He knew it, but neither the knowledge that death was certain nor the agony of the wound could subdue his unconquerable spirit. Still he called upon his men for another effort, but the lane could not be forced. The troops fell back a little, and John Nicholson was carried away, a dying man.

CHAPTER VIII

THE STORMING OF DELHI—II

WE will now leave the first and second columns checked in their march on the Lahore Gate, and see what has been happening to the third. You will remember that the Commander of the third column could not hear the call to advance from the heroic bugler outside the

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Cashmere Gate because of the din. But he heard the roar of the explosion which blew in the gate, and he moved forward at once. His men dashed in through the shattered barrier, and drove the stunned and dismayed defenders in all directions. With musket-shot and bayonet-point they soon cleared the walls and buildings near the gate, and that entrance to the city was theirs.

There was not a moment's delay. The column at once drove its way into the city, fighting every inch of the road. First it forced its way through the Cashmere bazaar, near the gate, and here the combat was fierce and furious. Swarms of dark-faced rebel soldiery flitted through the narrow lanes, firing from every corner and through every shop window upon the advancing British. But they were driven back until they massed in force at the gate of the bazaar—the great gate which was closed at night, and which opened, as it still does, on the Chandni Chauk, the famous main street of Delhi.

The gate was closed and guarded by masses of the enemy, but the Commander of the column, Campbell, called upon his men to rush it. It was stormed and burst open, and the British poured into the Chandni Chauk, driving the mutineers before them. The latter had many ways of escape. They darted into the houses on either side of the way, where they were received, and the doors at once closed and fastened against the pursuers. Then the rebels rushed to balcony or roof-top to pour their bullets into the advancing

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column. But the British, paying back the fire as well as they could, and thrusting their way forward in dogged fashion, pushed steadily on, until a sudden turn brought them in sight of Shah Jehan's great mosque, the famous Jama Masjid. And now the immense mosque had become a powerful fortress. Its arches and gates had been built up, its walls bristled with cannon, and it was held by masses of sepoys. As soon as the British came in sight, a heavy fire of grape, canister, and musketry was poured into them.

Before this fire Campbell was helpless. Great walls cannot be rushed with the bayonet or beaten down by musket bullets. He had no scaling ladders to carry them, he had no guns to beat them down, he had no powder-bags to shatter a breach in them. So he halted his force and waited for the other columns to come up. He had marched through the heart of the city, and he must now wait for further support.

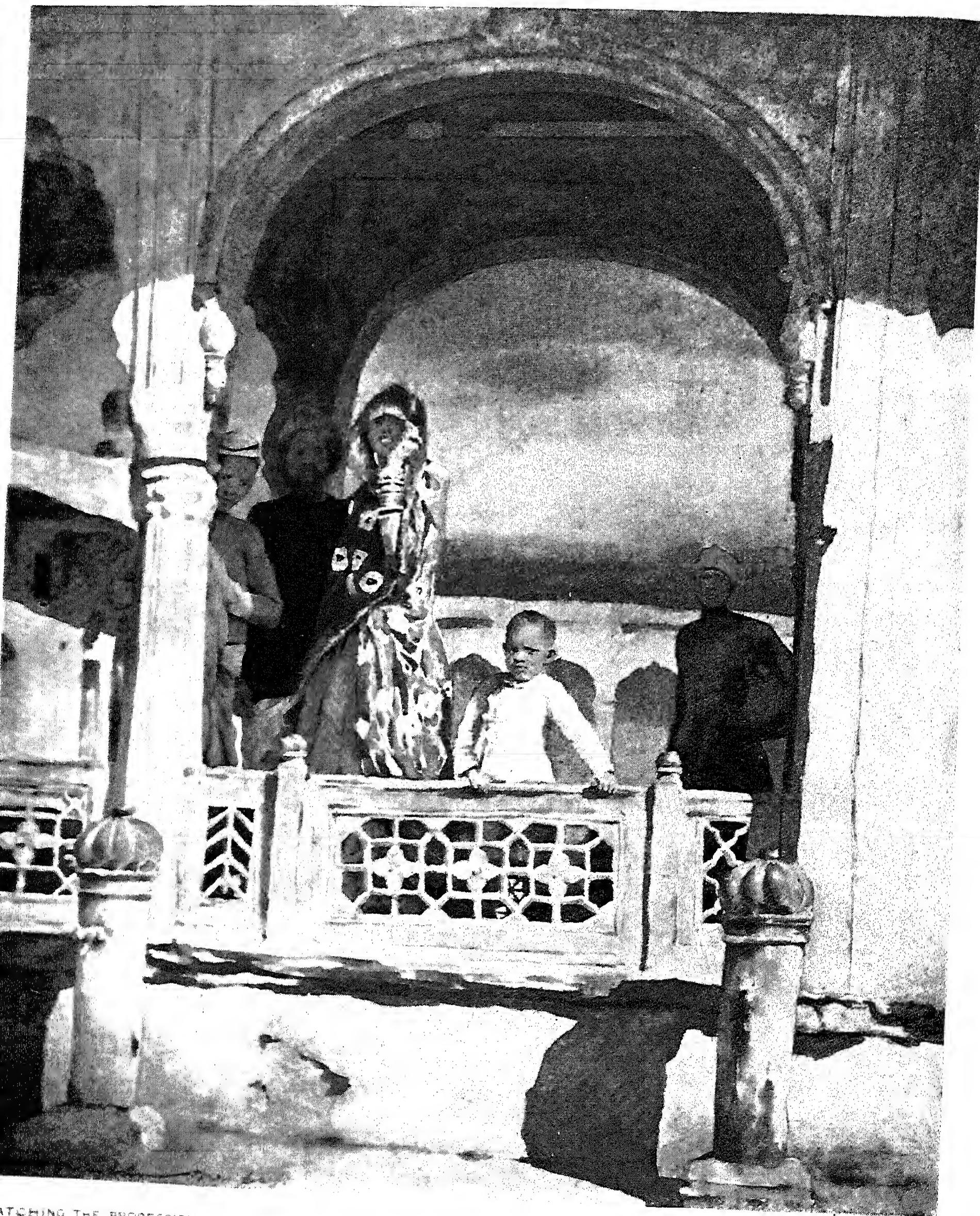
After a time he learned that no support could be expected, and he saw that the repulse of the fourth column had put him in a position of great danger. For the rebels at the Lahore Gate could cut him off from his comrades, and he would be hemmed in by foes on every side. So, in a skilful fashion, he drew the third column back to a strong position, and posted his men there for the night. In the meantime the fifth column, the reserve, had followed the third column through the Cashmere Gate, and had performed a very useful piece of work in finally clearing the enemy from the neighbourhood of the gate, and occupying that part of the

The Storming of Delhi

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WATCHING THE PROCESSION.

The Storming of Delhi

The next day proved how right Baird-Smith and Chamberlain had been. On the 15th the British did little but secure themselves in the position they had gained, and they were scarcely annoyed at all by attacks from their foe. Had the troops retreated, there can be no doubt that the mutineers would have been upon them in overwhelming force, but when the sepoys saw the British hold their ground, they became uneasy and wary, and did not venture to attack. On the 16th the fighting was resumed. The British pushed forward through the streets and narrow lanes, often clearing the rebel infantry from houses and gardens at the point of the bayonet, until they reached the great Magazine, where Willoughby and his comrades had made their heroic stand. This was stormed and captured. A great force of rebels gathered to retake it. The sepoys made a desperate assault, but were beaten off with great loss.

On the 17th and the 18th the British line was stubbornly pushed forward through the city. House after house, street after street, were torn from the rebel grip by incessant hand-to-hand fighting. Light field guns had come to the aid of the men, and these swept the streets with grape and beat down, with round shot, the walls which formed ramparts for masses of the sepoy soldiery. Still the Lahore Gate had not been taken, and it must be seized or the British position would remain open to assault. The gate was taken by a splendid rush on the 19th, and this proved to be the first success on a glorious day of victory. For part of the force which had seized the Lahore Gate marched

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thence up the Chandni Chauk, and captured the great mosque, the Jama Masjid. The officer who had carried the mosque now burned to seize the palace. He saw that this would be the crowning stroke of the long, blood-stained struggle. He sent for permission to his Commander: he received it: he assailed the place, blew the gates in, and the British entered in triumph. The fortress-palace of the Moguls had fallen: the six days' desperate fighting had ended in complete victory: Delhi was theirs. That afternoon General Wilson took up his quarters in the Imperial palace, and the flag of Britain flew from the roof.

Where was the King? He had fled, and, for a time, no man knew where. Soon it was discovered that the Commander-in-Chief of the rebel army had begged the King to withdraw from the city with the main body of the mutinous troops, but the timid, feeble old man had not done so. Where was he?

It was of great importance to the British that they should secure the King. As long as he was at liberty he formed a rallying point to all who bore ill-will to them, and General Wilson was eager to seize him. Delhi had been taken, true, but the conquerors were still in sore case. The cruel losses of the six days' fighting had left fit for service but little over 3,000 men. And these had to hold a great city in which thousands of armed mutineers still lurked, to guard and care for large numbers of wounded comrades, and to bear in mind that a powerful army of rebels lay near at hand in the open field.

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There was an officer who, during the siege, had won a great name for his love of adventure and daring, Hodson, of Hodson's Horse. He learned that the King had taken refuge at the tomb of his ancestor Humayun, and Hodson obtained permission to bring him in. The permission was granted, but the order was given that the King's life should be spared, and Hodson brought the old man in, a prisoner. Next Hodson discovered that two of the King's sons and a grandson were hidden at the same place. He obtained permission to seize them, but he received no orders with regard to their safety. He captured them, and led them towards the city, but upon the road he shot them with his own hand. He said that the crowd accompanying the Princes pressed too closely on his troopers, and he feared they would escape. But this was a mere pretext ; the real reason for shooting the Princes was the anger felt towards them. It was said that they had encouraged the murders and acts of cruelty which had marked the early days of the rebellion.

By the 21st, order was restored in the city. Great numbers of rebels and bad characters who had taken advantage of the confusion to murder, to rob, and to set fire to houses, were driven out of Delhi, and a governor of the city was appointed. This marked the full restoration of British authority. "The day following John Nicholson died from the effects of the wounds he had received on the 14th. He had lingered in agony for eight days ; but, as fortunate as Wolfe, he had lived long enough to witness the complete success

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of the plans to the attempting and accomplishing of which he had so much contributed. He died with the reputation of being the most successful administrator, the greatest soldier, and the most perfect master of men in India."

The fall of Delhi broke the back of the rebellion. It did not end it by any means. There was much fierce fighting before the sepoys owned themselves beaten, notably at Lucknow; but when the white masters had renewed their grip upon Delhi, and the last Mogul was a prisoner in their hands, India knew that it must come back to its former allegiance.

After Delhi had been seized, a large part of the British force was set free to clear the country, to put down rebellion in other districts, to carry aid to Lucknow. As for the vast rebel army which had marched out of Delhi, it simply vanished. So shaken was the force by the terrible handling it had received from the tiny British columns, and so completely had the fear and awe of their old masters re-entered the hearts of the sepoys, that the army broke up and scattered in all directions. "Having retreated—some 50,000 or 60,000 strong—from Delhi to the plains about Agra, the dusk found them encamped, still coherent, still resolved on struggle, and the night glittered with the watch-fires of a vast army. But the dawn, coming cloudily, reluctantly, found only the dead ashes of a resolve that had passed in the night; the men who had made it had vanished into thin air. They were hurrying back to their homes, eager to be found peacefully

Durbars at Delhi

at work when the master should once more come on his tour of inspection."

In 1858 the King of Delhi was brought to trial, and sentenced to banishment; he was sent to Rangoon, where he died a few years later. The rule of India was now taken out of the hands of the East India Company and passed to the British Government, and Queen Victoria issued a proclamation to her Indian subjects, declaring the terms upon which she intended to govern the country. The terms were just and kindly, and the proclamation was hailed with delight by the Indian people, who felt deep satisfaction in thus coming under the direct rule of the Queen of England.

CHAPTER IX

DURBARS AT DELHI

WHAT is a durbar? The word *durbar*, or *darbar*, is a native word, and its first meaning is an audience-chamber, a room where a King or Prince receives those who come to wait upon him. From this it easily came to mean those who assembled, and so it was applied to the reception of native princes by their over-lord, and in that sense it is used to-day. A native ruler calls a durbar when he wishes his tributary chiefs to gather and receive his commands, and a durbar is held to present a new ruler to his subjects.

From time out of mind durbars have been held at Delhi, the seat of so many Kings and Emperors, and so, when, in 1877, it was resolved to proclaim Queen

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Victoria as Empress of India, the native rulers were called together at the old capital. There was a most brilliant gathering, and the homage of the Princes of Hindustan was received by Lord Lytton, the Viceroy, acting on behalf of the Queen.

When King Edward VII. came to the throne a very splendid durbar was held at Delhi in 1903. A great camp was built on the wide plain which lies near the city, and a town of tents sprang up—a town as large as London, with great avenues running through it, where electric lights flared at the fall of dusk, and tramcars ran up and down. To each Prince or Chief of India a portion was assigned, and here he set up his own tents and camped with his followers. Many of these divisions were of great size, for a powerful ruler came attended by a large retinue of nobles and lesser Chiefs, and brought long trains of elephants, of camels, of horses, and a small army of attendants and retainers. Some Chiefs brought their whole Court display with them, not only of State elephants, but also of falconers with hawk on wrist, and packs of splendid hounds, and wonderful banners and standards. There were trains of elephants in the camp, which had started for Delhi months before, walking every step of the way for many hundreds of miles from their far-off homes.

On the day of the Durbar there was a most brilliant gathering. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught were present, and were seated on the splendid dais at which the Ruling Chiefs of India were to offer their homage. This was received by Lord Curzon, Viceroy of India,

Durbars at Delhi

and representative of King Edward VII. Lord Curzon was seated on a throne of striking beauty, covered with crimson velvet, and ornamented with a golden crown and silver lotus leaves. The homage of the Chiefs was paid, the King-Emperor was proclaimed, and the great meeting was carried out to a triumphant issue, without flaw or failure.

A few years passed, and Edward VII. was followed by George V. Now India was stirred to her very centre, for she heard that at the Durbar soon to be held, the King-Emperor himself would be there, and that the Queen-Empress would accompany him. It is hard for us to grasp how deeply this fact impressed the native mind. The people of India have the highest respect for kingship. They look with profound regard upon a ruler who springs from an ancient race, and holds the sceptre with firm grasp. A master of men is always certain to win their hearts and hold their loyalty. This is why the memory of the great King Akbar still lives in the heart of India.

So when it was known that King George himself would attend the Great Durbar of December, 1911, and would announce to his Indian subjects that he had ascended the throne of Britain, there was instant preparation in many a palace of the hills, the plain, the forest, and the seashore. The news spread with wonderful speed to the most distant hamlets hidden in the desert and the jungle, and everywhere it was discussed with the most eager interest, for never yet had India seen a white King within her shores.

Delhi

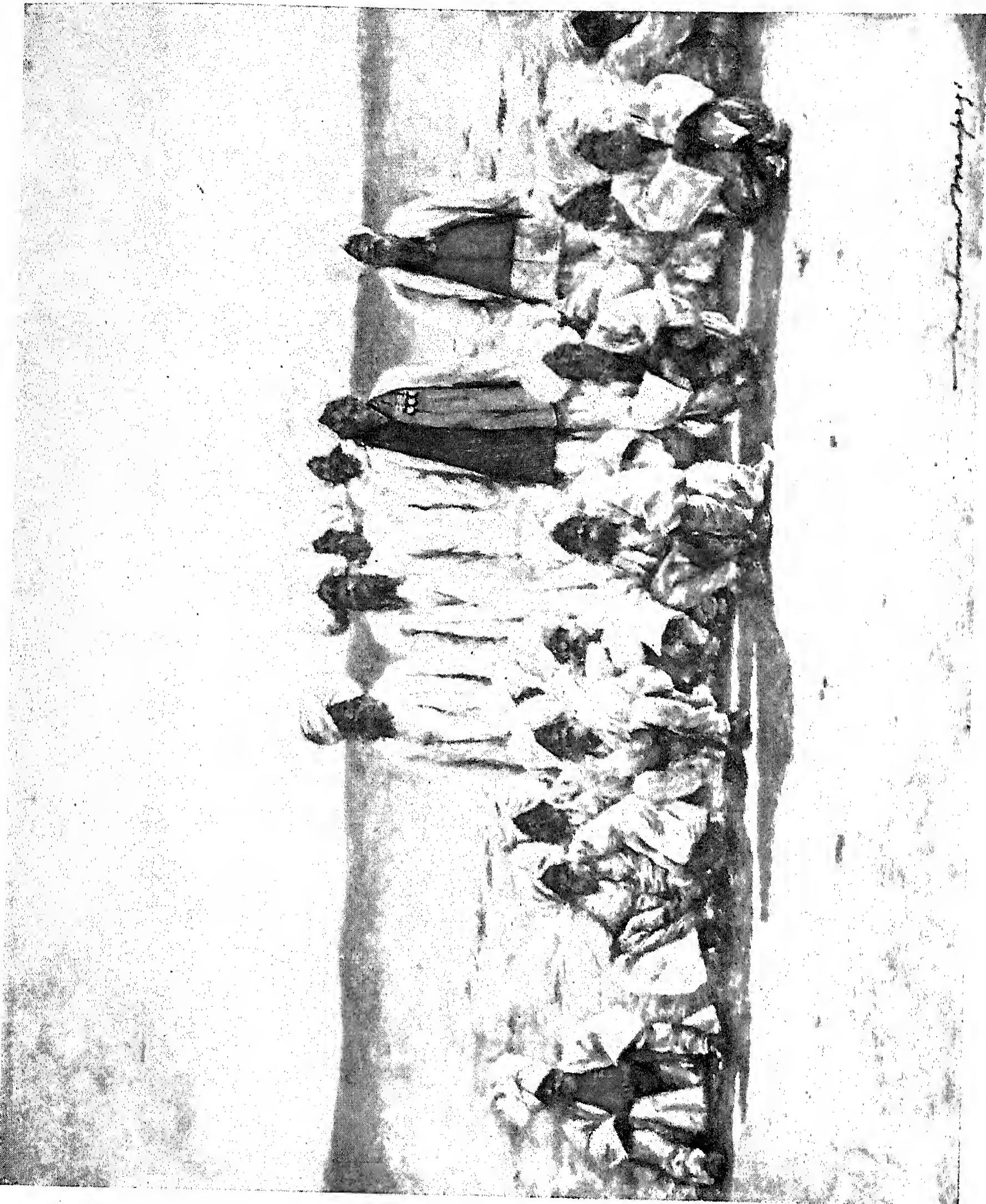
The Ruling Chiefs prepared to march to Delhi to meet their King-Emperor, and, whatever their splendour had been for King Edward's Durbar, they aimed to outshine their former state when they were to appear before King George and his Queen face to face. Again a vast camping-ground was marked out near Delhi at the foot of the famous Ridge, and many thousands of busy hands were set to work, preparing for a huge Durbar camp, for it was hopeless to think of the city itself housing one-hundredth of the folk who would flock to Delhi. Not only from England and every part of India, but from every part of the world, would people come to witness this august ceremony of the King-Emperor receiving his under-Princes in durbar.

In June, King George and Queen Mary were crowned in Westminster Abbey; in November, they started on a voyage to India to attend the Great Coronation Durbar, and, while they were crossing the sea, the finishing touches were given to the splendid reception which India was preparing for them.

CHAPTER X

THE STATE ENTRY INTO DELHI

ON December 7, 1911, Delhi was on the tiptoe of expectation. That day she would once more see a King-Emperor within her walls. How many, many such had she seen in the long procession of the centuries, but never one coming like this. For he came in peace,



NATIVE VETERANS OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

The State Entry into Delhi

and none need fly from his presence. Conqueror after conqueror had she awaited, but every one, from Chiefs and Kings whose names are misty in tradition, down through Tartar, and Mongol, and Afghan leaders, Moguls and Mahrattas, all, like Timur the Tartar and Nadir Shah, had wetted their swords in the blood of her citizens. And now came a ruler whose visit spoke not only of peace, but of unity. Other rulers had been attended by Princes who had been forced to wait upon them, while great rivals, watching from their States, had looked with jealous eye upon the power of him who held Delhi at that moment. But now all were there—Kings and Princes who ruled great States, chieftains whose authority extended over a petty tribe, Nizam and Maharana, Rajah and Maharajah, all were present to greet their lord from overseas, the King of England and Emperor of India.

From early dawn vast throngs of natives poured to the line of route, to take up their places to see the Emperor and Empress pass through Delhi to the vast Durbar encampment beyond the city walls. Every point of vantage was packed, and those were fortunate who could stand on the rose-red battlements of Shan Jehan's mighty fortress palace, and see far and wide across plain and river.

Looking out, they saw at last a white train appear in the distance, and steam across the bridge which spans the Jumna. It was the Imperial train, and presently, amid a tremendous thunder of cannon and the crackle of musketry fired in salute, the Emperor and Empress

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arrived at the Fort. Here were gathered groups of old soldiers, some of them wearing the famous ribbons of red and white which show the Mutiny veteran. What memories must have thronged their minds of those dark, grim days when the British power in India seemed tumbling to utter ruin, and now here was the head of the British Empire, entering the walls they had once stormed in fierce conflict !

Just inside the Fort was a great double pavilion, where the Ruling Chiefs were gathered to greet their over-lord. They received King George and Queen Mary with a deep obeisance, and one by one the great Indian Princes were presented to their Majesties. Then the Emperor mounted his horse, and the Imperial Procession began its march through Delhi.

The glitter and colour of an Indian procession are always wonderful. The flashing of gems, the shine of armour, the combinations of shades and colours, make a marvellous display. But this procession was a marvel of marvels. For instead of a Prince surrounded by attendants and courtiers, here the attendants were Princes themselves in waiting on a King-Emperor. The great Chief who, as a rule, was the splendid centre of a glittering scene, was here but one of many, garbed and bejewelled in equal glory. An escort of British and native troops guarded the Sovereign, and prominent among them were the members of the Imperial Cadet Corps, all Princes or sons of Princes, whose exquisite uniforms of white and gold, with light blue waist-cloths, black horses, and leopard-skin saddle-cloths were

The State Entry into Delhi

by far the most beautiful in all the long, brilliant line.

Behind the escort came the procession of the Ruling Chiefs of India, great and small, following each other in, as it seemed, an endless line. India has some 600 native Princes, and nearly all were there. As they passed, each with his body of splendidly clad attendants, the spectators murmured their names, and it was like reading off a map of India. Hyderabad, Baroda and Cashmere, Gwalior, Udaipur and Jaipur, Travancore, Benares, Bikanor and Patiala, to name a few of the greatest "lords of the mountain, the jungle, and the plains, of the shrine, the desert, and the rock." So the long gleaming line wound out of the Fort by the Delhi Gate and entered the city. As it passed through the great gate it was under the eyes of an array of Indian native ladies of the highest rank, Princesses and wives of Chiefs, but they were well concealed in an inner balcony.

Within the Fort their Majesties had been received in an impressive silence, but as they left the Delhi Gate, a cry of welcome was raised which never failed to echo and re-echo during the long route to the Durbar Camp. The first cry was thin and shrill and sweet, for it burst from the lips of great masses of children gathered outside the gate between the palace and the noble Jama Masjid Mosque. These children filled rows upon rows of seats built beside the way, and looked like a garden of bright flowers, with their many-coloured turbans and robes of every hue, all bright and fresh in honour of

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this great day. Through the cheering ranks of Young India the Emperor and Empress passed, left behind them the glorious mosque, whose gates and shrines, domes and minarets, stood out with exquisite effect against the brilliant blue of the Indian sky, and moved on into the city.

Soon they were at the head of Delhi's famous street, Chandni Chauk, often called "Silver Street," but really "Moonlight Street," "the richest street in Asia," lined as it is with the shops of the jewellers whose craft is famous throughout India. Now it glittered and shone in the strong, steady sunlight with a redoubled radiance. A workaday Indian crowd in "Moonlight Street" is a wonderful sight for its combination of colour, turbans of white and pink, and crimson and purple, robes of every colour of the rainbow, veils over the women's faces of every shade, and all these tints moving under a radiance of sunshine which fetches out the last effect of colour, and seems to blend them until no contrast looks garish. But now the seats beneath the shade of the sacred fig-trees which line the great street, were filled with natives of importance who had put on their richest robes and most splendid ornaments, turbans and caps gleaming with jewels, robes of rich silks of the most wonderful colours, or of cloth-of-gold stiff with gems.

As the King-Emperor passed he was greeted with loud shouts of loyal greeting, but there was a special note in the cries of the crowd gathered near a small mosque beside the way. This was the Sonahri Masjid, or Golden Mosque, crowned with three graceful little

The State Entry into Delhi

domes. Here Nadir Shah had taken his stand on March 11, 1739, to watch the butchery of the people of Delhi by his savage Persian troops. Never since his day had a foreign monarch passed down Chandni Chauk. What a contrast between that scene and this, between the conqueror giving orders for a general massacre of unoffending townsfolk, and the ruler welcomed in joy and peace by his people! We cannot wonder that the native crowd cheered their Emperor with great emotion of delight, and rushed to see him with an eagerness which caused them to press closely on the cordon of troops guarding the way.

After the Emperor's procession came that of the Ruling Chiefs, a procession miles in length, and marvellous in its brilliance and beauty. So the long line wound its glittering way out from the walls of Delhi and crossed an open space toward the ever-famous Ridge. Up the Ridge it went, and at the summit a great circular *pandal* — a place of reception — had been erected, and here the procession paused.

Delhi had given the Emperor and Empress the proofs of native loyalty; here their Majesties were to be received by British India, by the British officers who rule and work in Hindustan. In the midst of a most brilliant gathering an address was presented on behalf of British India. It said: "We welcome Your Imperial Majesty as the first Sovereign of all India who has appeared on Indian soil. In this ancient city, full of historic memories, many famous Kings and Emperors have kept regal state; and the noble monu-

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ments of past glories which survive attest their greatness. Yet the greatest of them, in the plentitude of his power, never held undivided rule over the vast Empire which owns Your Imperial Majesty's sway.

"Your Imperial Majesty's presence here is, therefore, an event without precedent in all the varied and moving scenes of Indian history, and will for ever be memorable. Loyalty to the Sovereign is pre-eminently an Indian virtue, inculcated by sages and preceptors from times immemorial; and in your Imperial Majesty's wide dominions, your Imperial Majesty has no subjects more loyal and faithful than the inhabitants of British India. The Indian Empire holds many peoples, of diverse races, speaking many languages, and professing different religions; but from the snowy heights of the Himalayas to legendary Rameshvaram, from the mountain barriers of the West to the confines of China and Siam, they are all united in loyalty and devotion to your Imperial Majesty's throne and person."

To this loyal address the King-Emperor made a suitable reply, and again the procession moved forward towards the Durbar Camp. Almost at once upon leaving the *pandal*, the view of the great camp burst upon the eye. There it lay, a vast sea of tents spreading far and wide across the plain which lies at the foot of the Ridge. The Imperial procession began to stream down the slope towards the camp, and now, at the *pandal*, a most striking scene was presented. Up to this moment the Native Princes had not displayed the ensigns of their authority; their flags and banners had

The State Entry into Delhi

been closely furled, their great and magnificent State umbrellas had been unopened. Permission was now given to them to display their full splendour, and flags and banners flew wide and State umbrellas were raised.

"The effect was wonderful. At once the note of the occasion changed. It was not so much the strength and nobility of the English Raj that was now emphasized as the wealth and splendour of the Emperor's feudatory States, and rich and brilliant the spectacle indeed was. Nowhere on earth could the scene thus suddenly presented have been rivalled, and as the long procession of Chiefs made its way along the Ridge towards their own residences beside Coronation Road, the sun and the glitter of the silks, the sheen of gold and silver, the glint of arms and the blazing caparisons of the horses, combined to make up a scene rather from the "Arabian Nights" than an experience of this practical and workaday world of the twentieth century. Slowly the princely throng moved along the skyline past the red Flagstaff Tower, and at last dropped out of sight behind a distant spur of the Ridge, a beautiful and romantic vision of Eastern magnificence to the last file of its great length."

Meanwhile, in the plain below, the royal standard of England had burst out from the top of the lofty flagstaff set up before the Imperial tents, and the watchers on the Ridge caught the faint notes of "God Save the King." The King and Queen of England had come to the end of their long journey. They were safely in Delhi, and the first great pageant of the Durbar was over.

CHAPTER XI

ROUND THE CAMP—I

THE Durbar camp at Delhi was, while it lasted, one of the sights of the world. In the great plain below the Ridge there sprang up a vast city of tents covering twenty-five square miles, streets and avenues of tents with broad roads running in every direction through these temporary homes. The tents were of every size and shape, from vast marquees, where millionaires were lodged, down to the tiny shelter of the humblest camp-follower of a native Prince. The Imperial tents, where their Majesties stayed, were spacious and magnificent ; but an almost deeper interest was aroused at sight of the camps of the Ruling Chiefs, which lined the broad avenue known as Coronation Road.

It was very difficult for the visitor to believe that Coronation Road had been, a few short months before, a stretch of naked plain where a few animals found scanty pasturage, or a few meagre crops were growing. He saw before him a noble highway, with broad side-walks, raised and neatly kerbstoned, and splendid stretches of the most verdant lawns bordering the way. So it was again when he turned right or left, and walked or drove through mile after mile of this marvellous camp. He found roads, railways, railway-stations, shops, all the furnishings of a great city, put into position for a ten days' pageant, after which these things and the vast array of tents to house hundreds



WARRIORS IN CHAIN MAIL,
THEIR HORSES IN ARMOUR.

Round the Camp

of thousands of people would vanish like a great crop that had been reaped and borne away.

The railway lines for the service of the camp cost about £100,000, and nearly a hundred miles of water-pipes carried two million gallons of water daily into the vast city of tents. The power-house for electric light was a great structure, and from it every tent and road was illuminated, so that it was called upon to furnish as much light as would be needed by two towns of the size of Brighton. Then there was enormous work to be done in draining and cleansing the site, so that, altogether, a huge army of workers was employed for many months before the crowd of visitors began to stream in. But now we will return to Coronation Road and the camps of the great Ruling Chiefs. Here every province and almost every district of India had its place, and to stroll or drive from one to another was to have the costumes and ways of life of all Hindostan gathered into a tiny compass—tiny, that is, when the miles of the camps were compared with the vast stretches of country from which these peoples had come.

The camp of the Rajputs, that famous warrior race of India, was one of the most striking by day, for the tents of Udaipur were of crimson, and caught all eyes. Here were to be seen Rajput chiefs who had come down from their magnificent palaces in the western hills to greet their Emperor, men of the great warrior-caste of India, in whose veins flows the proudest and the oldest blood in the world. The most ancient pedi-

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gree in Europe shrinks to nothing beside that claimed by the Maharana of Udaipur, and his ancestors ruled in Udaipur long before any country of Europe had become a nation.

The whole history of the Rajputs is full of stories of romance and chivalry—they knew always how to die, never to surrender, and when they have gone down they have always gone fighting to the last. In coming to Delhi, the Rajputs come to the city which once they held, from which they were driven by the Moslem power, and thenceforward for many centuries it held their bitterest enemies, the Mogul Kings. The head of the Rajput race is the ruler of Udaipur, who was made an aide-de-camp of the Emperor at this Durbar, and thus freed from the necessity of following a Moslem ruler in the procession. For he is a Hindu of Hindus, and before his royal emblem of a golden sun, rayed on a great circle of black ostrich feathers, every Hindu bows down in homage.

In the Rajput camp could be seen many striking types of warriors whose dress brought to mind battles of former days, when rifles and cannon were unknown. There were men clothed in chain-mail, like Richard the Lion Heart going to a Crusade. They wore shining helmets of brass, with lofty golden plumes. They were covered with polished coats of steel mail armour, which glittered in the sun, and they carried lances with fluttering pennons of red and white. There were others who appeared stranger still, in huge quilted gowns, looking as if they were clothed in small feather

Round the Camp

beds, with quilted head-pieces and coverings for their ears. This odd-looking armour was intended to protect them from sword-cuts. Others carried old matchlock guns, with barrels of enormous length ; and as for swords, daggers, axes, maces, spears, and suchlike weapons, they were to be seen of all shapes and sizes.

The camp of the Sikhs showed a fine gate, surmounted by the royal arms, the gate of the venerable and revered ruler, the Maharajah of Nabha. But this noble old Sikh was one of the few rulers absent from the Durbar. He lay dying in his palace far away, though he had sent his people to the great meeting which he could not attend. He was at the Durbar of 1903, and was then one of the oldest Maharajahs in Delhi at that day. A fine story is told of the splendid old man. When he was leaving Delhi, he placed enough money in the bank to free the land where his camp had stood from taxes for ever. "For," said he, "I, the King, have rested on this ground in this Punjab camp : and I wish that henceforth this land should always be free." This was in the true kingly style, and showed the ancient spirit of India.

In the camp of the Sikhs might be seen, among the native warriors, some who wear great steel rings round their necks, round their turbans, and even round their waists. If you looked at these circles of steel more closely you found that they were flat, something like great quoits, but with a keen, cutting edge. These were not decorations, but weapons, and dangerous weapons, too. The Sikhs will hurl them at their

Delhi

enemies with such force and skill that it is said that a man's head may be sliced clean off by a heavy one.

The camp of Cashmere always gathered a group of admirers, for the Maharajah had railed in the one hundred and fifty yards of his frontage with a wooden screen, which was a marvel of most rich and delicate carving. The screen was about 8 feet high, and in the centre was a magnificent gateway. Upon entering the camp the tents fully bore out the splendour of the entrance. They were lined with the costly shawls for which Cashmere is famous, and the cleverest workers of the province had spent their utmost skill on the beautiful embroideries with which the tents were decked.

There were native retainers and Chiefs of many types in the Cashmere camp. Some of the native troops were clad in quaint old costumes, which produced a gorgeous effect. They wore cloaks of purple brocade trimmed with gold, or robes of the richest colour which the famous looms of their native state can produce. At their side hung curved swords in broad sheaths, each sheath of a brilliant shade of colour and often decked with gems. Gold belts and gold pouches glittered at their waists, and their heads were crowned by brilliant scarlet turbans, in which waved herons' plumes set in golden ornaments.

In great contrast to all this bravery were the interesting figures of Cashmere shepherd Chiefs, men from the hills, from wide lonely stretches of country where very few people are to be met with. These men were simply dressed in soft dark robes of grey wool, and

Round the Camp

rich dark furs, the only note of colour about them being furnished by their red boots of untanned leather. In their faces they bore the look of people who live in a lonely country ; they had the quiet, gentle air of those whose life is spent among solitary hills. To these men the great heat of midday in Delhi was very trying. They wore the garments of the high, cold places from which they had come—boots lined with fur, and inner robes with fur next the skin—nor would they change them, even when smitten by the fierce sun of the Punjab.

Another striking figure in the Cashmere camp was that of a *pundit*, a learned man. He was clad from head to foot in spotless white with silver slippers. He wore no colour save a rich orange mark painted in the middle of his forehead. This was his caste mark, which he washed off and painted on again every morning.

The Sikkim camp was famous for the ornament on its central tent of a grim demon's head, and for its line of poles bearing praying flags of yellow, green, red, white, and blue. These praying flags showed that it was a camp of Buddhists, a religion to which the Mogul rulers of Delhi had always been very hostile. It was a striking thing to see these flags waving in honour of Buddha in a city where none had dared to show them for so many centuries.

CHAPTER XII

ROUND THE CAMP—II

THE Chiefs and retainers from Central India were among the quaintest figures of the camp. Here one saw survivals of ancient weapons and armour which could be seen in scarcely any other division. Some of the native troops were clad in helmets, breastplates, and armlets which bristled with huge spikes, so that an enemy who came to close quarters with them would have a very unpleasant time of it. This camp was full of strong and splendid colour. Men were clad in crimson and gold, in bright blue, in glowing yellow, in vivid cherry colour or soft pink; they rode on horses whose trappings were of blue, of red, of green; they carried flaming banners.

People who wished to rest their eyes on something soft and charming after these glowing tints visited the Burmese camp. Here all the colours were fair and delicate. Soft tones of rose, of pink, of blue, were employed, and the whole effect was most delightful after the gorgeous colouring of the Indian camps. The people here were of a type which seemed to fit with the soft tints they employed. They were calm and cheerful, slow and dignified. They passed much of their time in smoking huge cheroots, and they all indulged in this pastime. A Chief, his wife, the servants, even the pretty little children, were solemnly puffing at immense cigars, some of the latter a foot

Round the Camp

in length. Between the puffs they indulged in sips of tea, and they seemed perfectly content to spend their whole day with a big cigar and numberless cups of tea. A Chief would be clad in beautiful silken robes of a delicate shade, and so also would be his wife, children, and attendants. The women dressed their glossy hair very carefully. After brushing it till it shone like a mirror, they put a flower, as a rule a pink one, among their locks, whitened their faces, painted their lips a brilliant red, and then were ready to receive company.

In this camp the Shan Chiefs were a great centre of attraction. These hill Princes of Burma were literally and precisely clothed in gold — not gold brocade, not gold filigree, but sheer, solid plates of gold. They seemed to have been dressed, not by the labour of weavers, but by armourers, who had wrought their coverings of plates of gold instead of plates of steel. In this garb of gold were inset numbers of the glowing and splendid rubies for which their hills are famous, and when one of them in this glittering dress of pure gold and rubies walked along in the powerful sunshine, you had to peep at him through your fingers, for the sight of him dazzled your eyes.

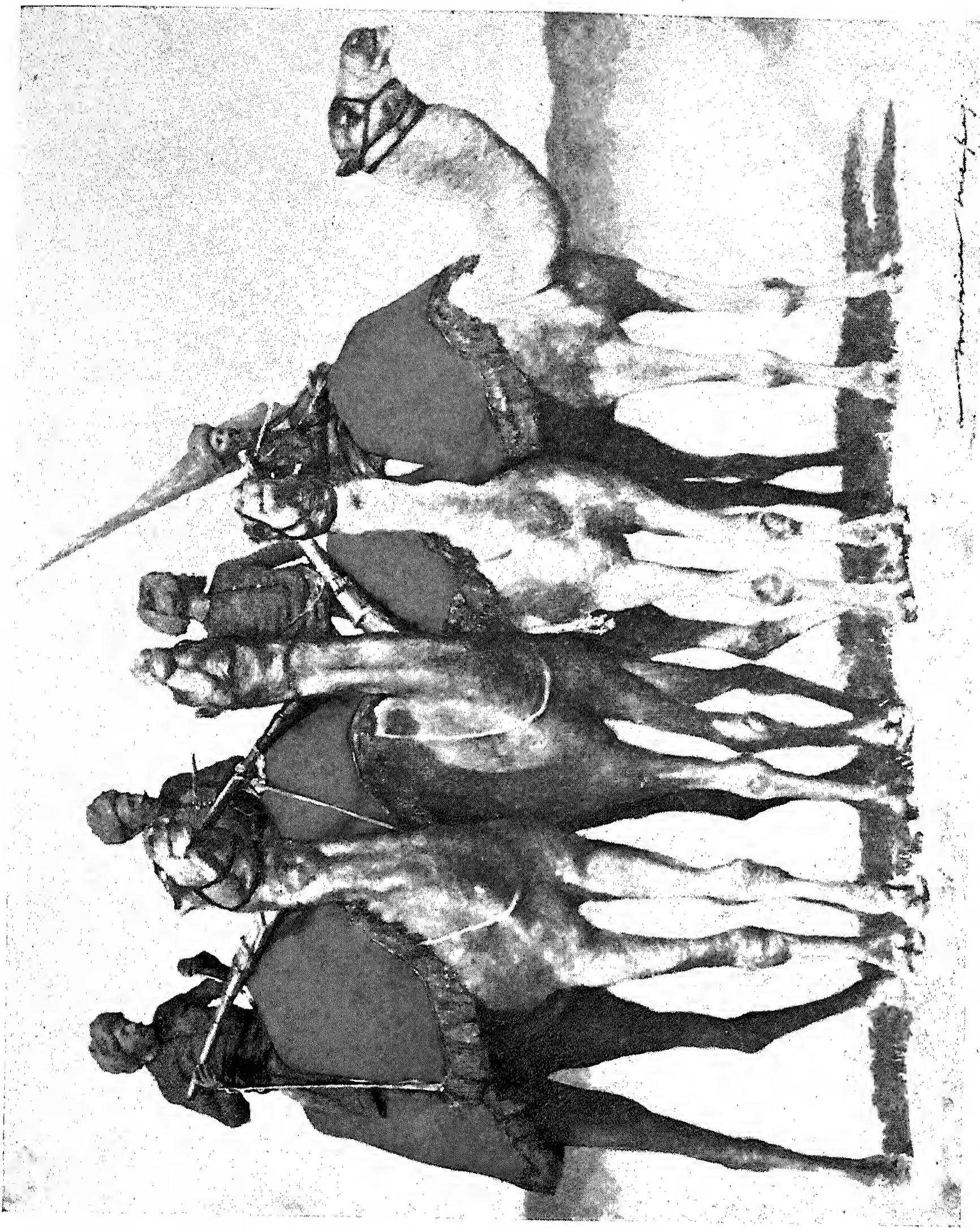
And so we might go from camp to camp and find something new and wonderful in each. There was the camp of the Nizam of Hyderabad, upon which the vast sum of £100,000 had been spent by its owner, the head of the Ruling Chiefs of India. There was the camp of Baroda, famous for its beautiful lawns and

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lovely beds of flowers, and the Patiala camp, with the sporting trophies and cups of the Maharajah. The latter is a famous sportsman, and in the summer before the Durbar he brought a cricket team to England.

When moving from camp to camp there is plenty to see in the mere stream of traffic which flows along the noble highways, bordered by spacious lawns, which form the main avenues of this city of tents. Carriages of all kinds, motors, ekkas (native carts drawn by ponies), bullock-carts, all sorts of vehicles stream along, and many of their occupants are of deep interest to a stranger. Here is a splendid motor of the latest London make drawing up at the door of a tent, and you observe that its windows are closely veiled with hangings of rich brocade or of cloth-of-gold. As you watch, a small brown hand draws aside the hangings a little, as if to glance out. You see the hand, you see perhaps a slender wrist, loaded with bangles and bracelets, but you see no more. It is a native lady of high rank returning to her home in the camp. Now her women appear and surround the door of the motor with a tent of draperies. The door of the motor is opened, the lady steps into the tent, and they all move away, the lady completely hidden in the canopy with which her women attendants enfold her. No man ever sees her face except her husband.

There were many of these great native ladies at the Durbar. The presence of the Queen-Empress drew them from the women's apartments in Indian palaces, which they so rarely leave. Never before had so many



MEN OF A CAMEL CORPS.

Round the Camp

wives and daughters of Princes been known to attend a great function, but all wished to see the Queen, and to see the Durbar. On the Durbar day they were placed in screened buildings, so that they could see without being seen. The screens were formed of white wood, fretted and pierced with tiny openings. But some of the ladies were not satisfied with peeping through these small apertures. They wanted a good look at their Emperor and Empress, so they broke big holes in the screens, and stared their fill.

The next day they made a better acquaintance still with the Empress at a garden-party held in the magnificent gardens of the Fort. Once again the women's apartments of Shah Jehan's palace were filled with Indian ladies, and the old walls heard the rustle of muslins and brocades and gold tissue, the tinkle of bangles, and the chatter and laughter they had heard in other days. To the delight of all, the Empress and her Court ladies left the garden-party without, and came in to talk to them. It was an event which will be long remembered by them, and talked over in many a palace of hill or plain.

If we turn our steps to the European portion of the encampment we shall not find, of course, the old-world splendour and, at times, almost barbaric magnificence of the native camps, but we shall see a comfort and a luxury which proved an immense surprise to many a Londoner. English people have an idea that to live in a tent must mean a certain amount of roughing it. They found matters quite otherwise in the Durbar

Delhi

camp. India is the land of tents. There are so many parts of it where no accommodation for travellers can be found, that tents and camp-life become a familiar necessity, so that the art of finding comfort under canvas is well understood. Here is a camp for visitors. Let us look at it.

In the centre is a range of huge marquees, 60 feet long and 20 feet wide. There are drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, and writing-rooms. The first we enter is a drawing-room, and, save for its canvas walls, hung with draperies, and its canopy of delicate curtains, it looks precisely like a drawing-room in a large house. The ground, dry as a bone, is covered with a very thick druggetting, and upon this carpets and rugs are spread. Chairs, tables, lounges stand about, and are furnished with an abundance of comfortable cushions, and the whole place has a restful and homelike look. The dining tent is next, and this is set out with tables seating four or six, and the great apartment has the air and fittings of a large dining-room of a first-class hotel.

In the writing-room are plenty of library tables, fitted with every convenience, and stocked with ample supplies of notepaper. The paper is stamped in purple with the name of the particular camp in which the tent stands, and with the words "Coronation Durbar, Delhi," so that a mere sheet of it sent to a friend with a little note forms an interesting souvenir of the great occasion. But it is in the sleeping tents, above all, that one may see how far camping has been carried in India. There is simply nothing lacking that one would

Round the Camp

find in the most comfortable room in any home. The beds, the wardrobes, the dressing-tables with large mirrors, the cheval-glasses in ladies' rooms, carpets, chairs, writing-tables — each sleeping chamber is the complete thing, and in the corner of each tent stands a big bath-tub. The hot-water service is maintained by native servants, and at any moment of the day great cans of it can be obtained by simply giving the word.

Beyond the visitors' tents in each camp lay the servants' quarters, rows of tents, where cooks, bakers, and the rest of them were busy with their tasks. In some camps these working quarters were shut off by erections of trellis-work, upon which quick-growing creepers were trained, so that the trellis was not only useful but ornamental, with its thick covering of green leaves and lovely blossoms.

The tents of the King and Queen formed a centre of great attraction, and great numbers of people visited them. But, true to their Majesties' quiet tastes, they showed no useless splendour. They were comfortably handsome rather than idly luxurious, and there was a simple dignity in this which had a more profound effect than could have been made by any mere display.

At night this vast camp became a fairyland. Not only was it brilliantly lighted, but many of the tents were hung with coloured lamps, and great illuminated triumphal arches spanned roads and gateways, and added to the splendid effect. Never will those who were at Delhi in the last month in 1911 ever forget the Great Durbar Camp.

CHAPTER XIII

THE GREAT DAY—I

THE first peep of dawn on the Great Day of the Durbar, the day when the King and Queen of England were to be proclaimed Emperor and Empress of India, saw vast crowds of people swarming out of Delhi to seek places in the huge amphitheatre, whence they might view the wondrous scene. As the light grew, so the crowds thickened. They came from all directions, and many had come great distances, for people were there from every corner of India.

Another great throng streamed from the vast Durbar Camp, and all met on the wide plain where the King-Emperor's Durbar was to be held. Here two amphitheatres with sloping banks had been built, one small and one large. The small one was an open half circle 1,200 feet long from point to point, and facing north.

The larger one was also a semicircle, half a mile long from point to point, facing south, looking into the small amphitheatre, and partly surrounding it. This huge sweep was a vast mound of earth, covered in part with seats, and also affording standing-room for great crowds of spectators. The smaller amphitheatre was roofed, and here were gathered the Princes and Chiefs who had come to do homage to their Emperor, the officials who rule India, the guests, and the great people. The larger was unroofed, and

The Great Day

as it swiftly filled, the sun shone on brilliant pools and masses of colour, relieved by broad bands of white and cream, where a throng of Moslems had gathered in their spotless robes. At one point a great number of children had been seated, and each division wore its own colour, so that the vast group looked like a lovely mosaic, picked out in many shades.

But it was upon the splendour of the smaller amphitheatre that all eyes were turned, and especially upon its centre, where a large, canopied platform projected. Upon this platform stood two splendid throne-chairs facing the people who sat in the small amphitheatre. This was the place where the King-Emperor would receive the homage of his feudatory princes. This dais was shaded by a canopy supported by sixteen golden pillars. The roof of the canopy was of rich crimson velvet, the inner lining of beautiful and costly silks.

Yet this was not the spot where the Emperor and Empress would face their people, and be shown to all as the rulers of India. A much loftier dais had been erected midway between the two horns of the small amphitheatre. This, the great throne dais, was a series of platforms, narrowing like a pyramid, until the small, topmost platform was reached, and here were placed two magnificent thrones, glittering in crimson and gold. The dais was crowned by a golden dome, and this shining splendour marked the central point of the great day and the wonderful scene. The inner part of the small amphitheatre was kept clear ; it was

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an open stretch of smooth green lawns, with wide, clean gravel paths running through them. But the open space between the throne dais and the great amphitheatre was filled with masses of troops drawn from every branch of the Durbar army, and beyond the serried array of soldiery rose the huge outer ring, with its marvellous living tapestry, as if some vast and many-coloured shawl had been draped along the slope of the great mound.

As the morning grew older, the seats in the small amphitheatre swiftly filled, till all had taken their places, and the most splendid assembly which the world can show had been completely mustered. The radiance and beauty of this gathering of Princes was marvellous. It was a sea of rich and delicate colouring, as the light played on gorgeous robes of golden and silver brocade, shot with every hue of the rainbow, and decked with magnificent jewels, with diamonds, pearls, rubies, emeralds, for which the farthest corners of ancient treasure-houses had been ransacked, for which, in other days, princes had made war upon each other, and armies had met in mortal combat.

"Most of the Princes wore an outer robe of honour, made of pure cloth of gold, or of cloth of gold shot with silver. Beneath this pliant metal was often a sheen of rose or green or orange, which was scarcely visible in the full sunlight, but lent an exquisite richness to the owner's lightest movement beneath the shade of the roof. Above or beneath this outer robe were the jewels of the princely house, generally ropes

The Great Day

of filbert-shaped pearls in festoons of ten, twelve, or fifteen at a time. Besides these, necklets of diamonds, emeralds, and rubies sparkled upon head-dress and sword-hilt, upon brooch and button and shoulder-knot."

In comparison with the splendour of the native Princes, the dresses of the European ladies present were quite outshone. "They seemed swallowed up beside this softly moving radiance of silken and golden magnificence." The native ladies were, of course, not to be seen. At the back of the amphitheatre were several enclosures guarded by close lattices; from these the wives of Princes and other great native ladies watched the Durbar. At no other Durbar have so many native ladies been present, and the Delhi Durbar is noted for the elaborate arrangements which have been made to enable zenana ladies to see the stately pageant.

At eleven o'clock the massed bands, 1,600 strong, which had been performing selections of music, ceased playing. A thrill ran through every spectator; conversation ceased; all were on the alert; the Durbar was about to begin. The wild scream of bagpipes was heard in the distance, and kilted troops swung into the arena; it was a guard of honour from the Black Watch to be posted at the throne dais. The Highlanders were followed by a second guard of honour furnished by native troops—tall, soldierly Sikhs, who were posted opposite the first guard. A third guard of honour was composed of sailors and Marines.

Now the troops in the arena burst into a tempest of cheers. A band of old men, some in uniform, some

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in civilian dress, were marching slowly into the arena. They were veterans, both British and Indian, and more than a hundred of them had fought in the Great Mutiny. Scarce had the old warriors gained their places than the troops sprang to attention : the Viceroy was coming. Into the arena swept the carriage of the man, Lord Hardinge, who rules India for the King. As the carriage drew up at the canopied dais, the whole vast assembly rose and stood in their honour, as the Governor-General and Lady Hardinge were conducted to their places. Now there was a short wait, and every eye was strained towards the point where the central figures of this most wonderful pageant would appear.

Suddenly the guns began to roar. It was the Royal Salute they were firing, and the King and Queen were near at hand. One hundred and one times the thunder of the saluting cannon rang out, and at every discharge six pieces were fired together. Then came in sight the bobbing white helmets of Hussars, still at the trot, and next a battery of Artillery pounded along, every scrap of steel polished till it shone out like a mirror, then more Hussars, big splendid Sikh Lancers clad in scarlet, three tall Lifeguardsmen in glittering cuirasses, and next the Imperial carriage, which moved slowly after it entered the arena.

The Emperor and Empress now made their progress through ranks of saluting troops, and past great bodies of cheering spectators, until they gained the canopied dais. Their reception was tremendous.



FORMING HORSE: NOTE THE
SPLITTING OF LEGS AND TAIL.

The Great Day

From the moment they came into sight until they had gained the dais the whole vast assembly was on its feet, greeting them with a thunderous roar of welcome. At the dais, they were received by the Governor-General and the great officials, and were conducted up the crimson-carpeted steps to the splendid throne chairs. Pages of honour in most gorgeous dresses bore their Majesties' trains, and draped them over the steps of the dais when the Emperor and Empress were seated. These boys were of the noblest blood of India, two of them rulers in their own right, the Maharajahs of Bharatpur and Jodhpur, the others being heirs of princely houses.

Permission was now asked of the King-Emperor that the Durbar might begin. It was given, and was signified by the shrill sweet music of a fanfare of trumpets and a tattoo on the drums—a tattoo which began with a soft mutter that swelled to a thunderous roll, and died away. Amid a profound silence the King-Emperor was seen to rise, and all remained standing while he delivered a short speech, in which he expressed his pleasure at being able to visit India, and to announce in person that he had come to the throne, and to receive for himself the loyal homage of the Indian Princes. He promised to maintain Indian rights and privileges, and prayed for the welfare of the country.

When the Imperial speech was ended the ceremony of offering homage began at once. At the head of those who approached the throne were the Governor-General

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and his Council, the men who govern India. Next came the Ruling Chiefs, led by the Nizam of Hyderabad, the Gaekwar of Baroda, the Maharajahs of Mysore and Cashmere. Then came the proud procession of the Rajput Chiefs, "the gentlemen of Asia," led by the ruler of Jaipur, wearing the chief treasure of his house, the most costly necklace in India. The little ruler of Jodhpur slipped from his post among the pages beside the throne, and came in his place among the Chiefs to do homage. He was resplendent in dazzling cloth of gold, and wore, hanging over his right eye, a richly jewelled miniature of his grandfather.

Another tiny chief was the boy-ruler of Bahawalpur, clad in deep crimson heavily embroidered with gold, and with waving plumes thick with flashing diamonds. So they passed in gorgeous brocades or shimmering cloth of gold, the Chiefs of Central India, of Baluchistan, of Sikkim, far in the northern highlands. Amidst this glittering procession of Princes one figure caught every eye, that of the only woman who rules in India, the Begum of Bhopal, whose presence at the Coronation in London the June before was well remembered. She was wrapped from head to foot in a robe of gold lacework, and wore a rich crown of gold filigree. As she passed, the Empress leaned a little forward to greet her.

After the Ruling Chiefs had gone by, the representatives of the various Provinces did homage, and with each Province came the native rulers, who are under the control of the Province. The Provinces were led by Madras, the oldest of them all, "Clive's Province,"

The Great Day

and among the native Chiefs was the ruler of Travancore. The ropes upon ropes of most magnificent pearls which he wore caused quite a sensation, but then he rules over the great pearl-fisheries of the South, and for generations the divers have been seeking these treasures of the sea for his family.

Next came the Bombay Province, and among its Princes was the Jam of Nawanagar, once Prince Ranjisinghi, the "Ranji" beloved on English cricket-fields. And still they came, Province after Province, each with its band of feudatory chiefs, until the last of the long procession had filed by. It took forty minutes for these rulers to pass their over-lord.

CHAPTER XIV

THE GREAT DAY—II

Now came the moment for the great event of the day—the showing of the Emperor and Empress to their Indian subjects, the proclaiming of their Imperial rank. Up to this time, you must remember, they had been seated on the smaller dais, the canopied dais which faced the small amphitheatre where the Princes were gathered. Here the ceremony of homage, which had just concluded, was performed. But behind their Majesties was standing the great throne dais between the horns of the little amphitheatre and facing the open arena and the great amphitheatre. The mass of people on the latter had seen but little of the ceremony of

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homage. But now the Emperor and Empress were about to mount on high, to take their seat on the lofty throned dais, to be seen of all men.

Leaving the smaller dais, the King-Emperor led the Queen-Empress by the hand along a raised way which led to the great throned dais. A brilliant procession was formed. The trains of the magnificent robes of State worn by the King and Queen were borne by the splendidly dressed pages, and a glittering array of attendants escorted them to the high-raised thrones below the golden dome. To shield them from the strong sunshine, scarlet and gold umbrellas of State were held above their heads, and many rich emblems of authority were borne in their train.

When the throned dais was reached the ascent was made slowly, and as it was made, the ascending group thinned, until the great figures of the day stepped on high, alone. There were four platforms to this dais, each platform being like a broad step of a pyramid. On the first platform the guard of honour was posted. On the second platform the attendants were left. On the third platform the great officers came to a stand ; and now, stepping up, the King-Emperor and Queen-Empress gained the fourth and topmost dais and stood there, alone, facing the vast mass of people, their faces to the North, whence they had come.

“ It was the climax of the day, the crowning monument of all the pomp and circumstance of the great ceremony. Alone, in most gorgeous robes, crowned with light, surrounded by a chosen and splendid retinue,

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their Majesties stood out, the centre of a sea of faces, the focus of the blessings and devotion of a myriad of human beings, all swayed and bent by one common impulse, as the wind stirs the corn. Overhead, the rich crimson and gold of the spreading canopy, fitly framed the scene within the pavilion, and a special richly-embroidered shamiana was suspended above their Imperial Majesties' heads. The phrase of a very, very ancient Indian writer came into the mind as one watched. One could understand his quaint words that "the glory of the Emperor spread round about, like the sound of a great gong rung in the canopy of the skies."

Now came a veritable scene of romance, the Proclamation itself. From the massed bands in the arena a loud burst of music rang out, with bugles pealing and drums rolling their muttered thunder. From the plain beyond came faint, sweet, silver-clear notes in reply ; then there rode into the arena the tall, stately figure of a herald, the Royal Standard blazoned on his tabard glittering in the sun, and attended by a native herald and twenty-four trumpeters. There were twelve British and twelve Indian trumpeters ; all rode white horses, and blew loud fanfares on their silver trumpets as they rode round the arena and drew up before the throne.

Here the first herald read, in English, the Proclamation of the Coronation of King George, and his magnificent voice rolled far across the wide arena. Then the second herald, a great Punjab magnate, repeated the Proclamation in the native tongue. Out

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rang the silver trumpets once more, and the first notes of "God Save the King" swelled from the massed bands. The cannon thundered in salute, the troops in the arena presented arms, all rose and stood : the King-Emperor had been proclaimed in the Great Durbar. On roared the salute of 101 guns, and in the intervals the troops beyond the amphitheatre fired a *feu de joie*, a rattle of musketry passing down the long lines posted from the Durbar ground to the Imperial tents below the Ridge.

When the thunder of the guns had died away, and the clouds of smoke had drifted over, the Viceroy advanced and announced the will and pleasure of the Emperor. The chief points were that, in token of this great day, a large sum of money should be devoted to education in India, that the Victoria Cross should be open to Indian as well as British troops, and that certain prisoners and debtors should be set free from prison.

After this announcement had been made the chief herald swiftly wheeled his horse round, rose in his stirrups, waved his helmet above his head, and called for three cheers for the King-Emperor. The response was tremendous. The vast multitude gave vent to their excitement and delight in a roar of applause which rang to the very skies. Surely never yet did any monarch of the world listen to so whole-hearted a greeting in which so many people and races took part, and all owning his sway ! Then the second herald called for cheers for the Queen-Empress, and again there broke forth a wildly enthusiastic outburst of

The Great Day

deafening acclaim. When the cheering died down within the arena, it was heard travelling away in the distance as the troops and crowds beyond the amphitheatre took it up, and the volume of sound rolled down to the great camp below the Ridge.

There was still one thrilling moment to come in this stirring day. When the King and Queen had left their lofty thrones and returned to the canopied dais, the King rose and made an announcement which took everyone by surprise. As a rule, all that the chief figures have to say and do on such occasions is well known beforehand, and no one dreams of anything unexpected. But of the last announcement the secret had been kept in most wonderful fashion, and when the King said that the capital of India was to be transferred from Calcutta to Delhi, he was heard in open-mouthed wonder. He spoke also of changes to be made in the shaping of provinces, but these were almost lost in thinking of the great and striking decision which restored its former glory to the Mistress of India.

This thrilling announcement, made by the King-Emperor himself, formed a fitting close to a thrilling occasion. It was received as its importance demanded. "People looked at each other in swift surprise. Then in a flash the whole vast audience was aflame with enthusiasm, and deafening and prolonged cheers arose."

The Durbar was now closed, and the rulers left the arena at a walking pace, amid the cheers of the populace who hailed their Emperor and Empress with delight. Presently the magnificent procession disappeared through

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a western opening in the arena, and the Durbar was over. It had been a glorious and undimmed success, in which the chief actors had played their parts with a quiet, simple dignity which won the respect and regard of all beholders.

“What was it that Delhi—Delhi, the changeless witness of all Indian history—went out for to see? A new India; a unified India; an India of peace and order; an India of which she was again to be the head and mother. It was a strange sight for her. As a capital she has been won by many Kings and dynasties, but never a peacemaker has come within her gate. There is not a stone of her that has not been washed in blood, and the mud of her streets is red through the same. But a new era has arisen, and she has once in her long life seen all India hail without jealousy and without reserve an Emperor who brings peace and justice, law, order, and well-being back into her Courts.

“May we not believe that ancient and shattered Delhi herself, wise with the knowledge of centuries, sent forth to-day upon the heads of the Emperor and his Consort a blessing fraught with a sure and certain hope for a noble future. Nay, may we not believe that God has sent down His richest benediction upon the Emperor of India, and upon those steadfast and untiring white men under him, upon whose shoulders is laid the burden of another, the burden of the helpless and trusting peoples committed to our charge. The Durbar is over; but the new life and encouragement that it has brought into being will mark it in all



A RAJPUT GENTLEMAN : NOTE HIS BEARD
BRUSHED ON EITHER HAND.

After the Durbar

the long story of Indian history, not only or chiefly for its splendour, but for the new and glorious era of unity which by his sympathy our new Emperor has brought into our life and work here."

CHAPTER XV

AFTER THE DURBAR

THE day after the Durbar, Wednesday, December 13, was given over to great native rejoicings. A great Mela was held, a kind of fair or fête, and it proved an occasion to which the history of India can offer no parallel. For on this day were seen Hindus, Sikhs, and Mohammedans joining peacefully together to celebrate the coming of their Emperor, and each procession went its way quietly, performed its own rites and ceremonies without let or hindrance, and offered up its prayers for the welfare of the new Sovereign in peace and freedom. This is no common sight to see in India, where in many places the most bitter hostility exists between the various forms of religion. A Hindu procession is often assailed and broken up by Moslems ; a Moslem service is disturbed by the jeers and taunts of Hindu neighbours ; and the Sikhs look with profound contempt upon both. In truth these warring parties would often fly at each other's throats, were it not for the strong hand of the British Raj which keeps order in the land.

But on this day, when the natives had their share in

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the great public rejoicings, all was calm, and religious bickerings were laid aside. On the wide plain below the Fort three great gatherings of Hindus, Mohammedans, and Sikhs were marshalled in three processions. The Hindus marched to the banks of the Jumna. Near the waters of that river, second only to the Ganges in Hindu eyes, they held a service and offered prayers for the long life and happiness of their Emperor and Empress. The Moslems marched to their great and glorious mosque, the Jama Masjid, and held a special service there. The Sikhs gathered round the Granth, their sacred book, and held an impressive service in their own fashion. The quietness and reverence with which these various services were held formed a striking proof of the united loyalty of India.

But a still more striking proof was to be given. The three processions formed again and marched to the place where the Badshahi Mela, the Emperor's Fair, was to be held. Upon reaching the place, the leaders of the three communities gathered together in a body 1,600 strong. Now they offered united prayers, a thing which had never been seen in India before, and a marvellous proof of the peace and goodwill spread among all classes and sects. When the prayers were over a band played the National Anthem, and then the vast concourse which had gathered at the Mela raised a thunder of cheers.

The Mela was held on a wide sweep of land between the eastern wall of the great Fort and the Jumna, and at the

After the Durbar

same time the King and Queen were holding a garden-party within the vast walls of the fortress-palace. During the afternoon the King and Queen came to the parapet and, clad in their Imperial robes, showed themselves to the multitude gathered beneath the historic walls raised by Shah Jehan. They were received with the utmost enthusiasm, and a roar of plaudits in many tongues rang wildly up to them. The rest of the day was given to merry-making, and the enormous crowds enjoyed themselves in a most hearty fashion. All were delighted with the day's pleasure, and it was agreed on all hands that never had such a Mela been held at Delhi since the palmy days of the Great Moguls.

After the native rejoicings came the day of the soldiers. On Thursday a great review was held, when the King-Emperor inspected the magnificent Durbar army of 50,000 troops drawn up on parade. Of this splendid body of soldiery about two-thirds were Indian.

A spacious parade-ground had been prepared near the Durbar amphitheatre, and when the Emperor rode up, attended by the Viceroy, the Commander-in-Chief, and other officers, he found the troops drawn up in two lines of over a mile long. He rode along the ranks, then returned to the point where he was to see the troops march past, and to receive their salutes, the saluting-base. Here a royal pavilion had been set up, in which the Empress and her attendants sat, while the Emperor, seated on horseback, placed himself in front of the pavilion.

Now the whole parade of troops swept steadily by,

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led by the Commander-in-Chief. It was a most impressive sight. British Cavalry, Artillery, and Infantry trotted, rolled, or marched past, the Highland regiments, with their kilts all swaying together, giving great delight to the spectators. The march past was performed in splendid style. The men moved like the parts of some perfect machine. Not merely the foot-troops, but the mounted men kept their lines in strictest order, and as regiment after regiment went by, sun-burned British, or tall stately Sikhs in scarlet, or little sturdy Ghurkhas in green, the excitement grew and grew. Perhaps the greatest interest was aroused by the Imperial Service troops ; these are regiments drawn from the various native States, and each native contingent was led past by its own Chief. The men who on Tuesday had blazed in all the splendour of their ceremonial dress were now in uniform leading their troops. As they went by, their names flew from lip to lip, and round upon round of cheers greeted popular rulers.

But the loudest greetings of the day were for the little ruler of Bahawalpur. This tiny Chief, only seven years old, led his men past the Emperor with as grave a face and as serious an air as the oldest Prince on the field. His troops were a camel corps, in themselves a most picturesque and striking sight, and the tiny Nawab rode at their head, perched high on a gigantic camel. And when he raised his little sword and saluted his Emperor with perfect ease and as much dignity as any veteran, the ladies waved their handkerchiefs and the

After the Durbar

men shouted themselves hoarse. Another young ruler who was loudly cheered was the boy Maharajah of Jodhpur, a handsome little Rajput in a splendid uniform of white and gold, riding at the head of his lancers, whom he took along in the ride past in gallant style.

After the whole body of the troops had marched past, the Cavalry and Artillery reformed and went by at the gallop, a most stirring sight. Then the troops were massed opposite the Royal Standard at the saluting base, and advanced in review order towards their King-Emperor. They halted at a short distance from him, and, led by the Commander-in-Chief, gave him and the Empress three rousing cheers. This ended the review, and the troops marched back to their quarters.

On Friday morning, December 15, the Emperor and Empress took part in a short and simple ceremony, conducted without great pomp or display, but for all that, fully making up in importance for what it lacked in grandeur. They laid the foundation-stones of the new Imperial City of Delhi. Only three days had passed since the King-Emperor had astonished India and the Empire by announcing his decision to remove the capital of India from Calcutta to Delhi. Now the first stones of the new city were to be set in their places.

The position chosen to lay the stones was among the tents of the members of the Governor-General's Council, the men who rule India. Thus the new city will rise upon the site of the Durbar Camp below the Ridge. It will be a little to the north of the present city. This is true to the letter of ancient custom. Every time

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Delhi has risen anew it has taken its place a trifle farther north than it stood before. That is why the plain to the south is full of ancient ruins; they are the fragments of old Delhis.

The two stones laid were large blocks with slight inscriptions. The very slightness of their lettering told their story, a story of swift preparation after a sudden announcement. There had been time for scarce more than to cut the date, "1911," deeply into their faces, and the small assembly felt all the great importance of the occasion as they saw the blocks fall into place. "It was a stirring moment in the life of everyone present, when they felt that they had been privileged to be present at the founding of the eighth city of Delhi, the most famous centre in Asia, and, after Rome, in the world. The eye of imagination could construct the great streets, palaces, offices, churches, factories, and bazaars so soon to take the place of the sea of white canvas that itself had frightened away the rooting herds of wild pig but a few months ago."

The Emperor laid the first block. It was placed over a cavity in which was laid a case, sealed closely against the air. In the case were coins of the day, gold and silver Durbar medals, and a copy of the Durbar Directory. In this way the names of all, high and low, connected with the Great Durbar, were handed down to future ages. The Empress laid the second stone, and then the English and Indian heralds declared the stones duly laid, and the short ceremony was closed by the National Anthem.

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One of the Ruling Chiefs remarked, "The Company is now dead." This saying was both acute and full of shrewd wisdom. As long as Calcutta remained the capital of India, so long did the influence of the great old East India Company—"John Company," as it was called—seem to endure. For Calcutta was, above all and beyond all, the Company's own city. Little more than a hundred and fifty years ago, its site was a lonely swamp on the banks of the Hooghly. It was a servant of the Company who laid its foundations; it was the trade of the Company which spread wharves along the river-bank, which caused great warehouses and the splendid mansions of merchant princes to rise on the plains beside the stream, and which gathered a great population, both British and native, to deal with its enormous commerce. Thus throughout India, to both prince and peasant, Calcutta stood for the rule of "John Company."

The Company fell, and its power passed to the British Government. Yet Calcutta remained the capital, and the memory of its former masters clung to the place, and British Ministers seemed to the natives much the same as the great servants of the Company who had once ruled there. But now that the King-Emperor had come and had set up the capital in its ancient abiding-place, all felt that they were really ruled by the British Sovereign, and that the last shadow of the sway of the Company had been brushed away. The commands of authority would now issue from the rightful spot, from the regal city to which India had

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been accustomed to look for guidance: the Company was now dead.

The laying of the foundation-stones of the new Delhi was the last important public ceremony of the Great Durbar. The next day saw the departure of the King and Queen. The former went to Nepal upon a shooting trip, the latter paid visits to a number of places of interest. On December 30 they visited Calcutta in State, and enjoyed a splendid reception. Shortly afterwards they sailed for England, leaving in India, and, above all, in famous old Delhi, happy memories of the wonderful and successful Great Durbar.